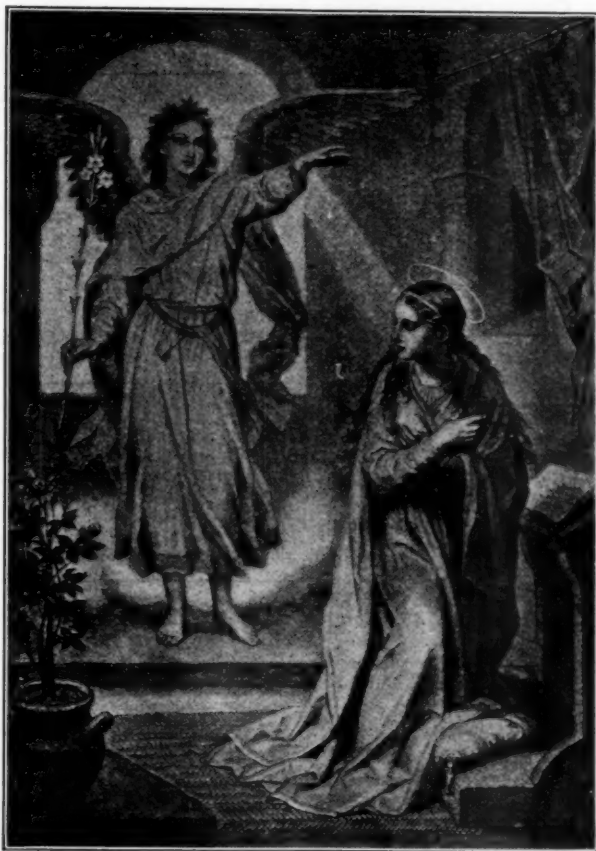


The Grail



Hoffmann

The Annunciation

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family—national in scope—is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

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We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Burse of \$5,000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. The capital always remains intact. When one student has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen.

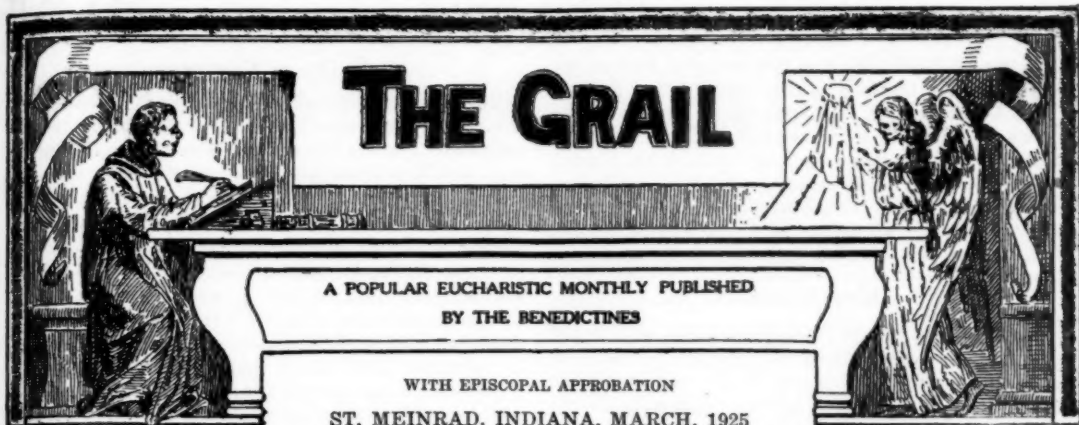
Rock of Ages

P. K.

"They drank of the spiritual rock that followed them, and the rock was Christ." (I Cor. 10:4.)

When, parched with thirst upon the burning sands,
The Jews of old cried out for drink, with hands
Uplifted Moses prayed, then struck the rock,
Whence gushed a limpid stream for man and flock.
And through their desert-wanderings this fount
Of water flowed for them from Christ, the Holy Mount.

What is our life but such a pilgrimage
O'er storm-swept desert lands, where tempests rage,
Temptation's blasts that cause our soul to smart,—
And heat of passions burns our famished heart?
Lest we should faint and fall beside the way,
Our Rock of Strength, the Eucharist, with us doth stay.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Annunciation

In memory of the angel's coming to Mary to announce to her that she had been chosen by Almighty God to be the mother of the promised Redeemer, the Church has fixed March 25th as the feast of the Annunciation. St. Luke tells us that God sent the Angel Gabriel "to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph... and the virgin's name was Mary." The same Evangelist tells us further that "the Angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women."

Thus, it was an angel who pronounced the first "Hail Mary," which was caught up by the Church and which for centuries has been ringing throughout the whole world; and its harmonies shall not cease until time shall be no more. To every child of the Church the angelic salutation is a treasured heirloom.

But Mary was troubled at the unaccustomed greeting. Never before had the humble Virgin been addressed in such words. Seeing her anxiety, the angel bade her fear not. When she understood what great things God was about to accomplish in her, Mary said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word." Then it was that she conceived of the Holy Ghost. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

The eminent artist, Hoffmann, who is renowned especially for his devotional religious pictures, portrays, as will be observed on the front cover of this issue, the angel at a respectful distance from the Virgin, whom he disturbed in prayer, when he came on his mission from heaven with the divine message. That message was of the utmost importance to us, for it announced that the coming of the Redeemer was at hand.

Why Lent?

We are now within the Lenten season, which has just opened. But why Lent? The very thought of fasting and penance makes us shudder. As we have all of-

fended much in things that are great or small, it is becoming that we should afflict ourselves with voluntary punishment to atone for these misdeeds. We are called upon to practice acts of self-denial, mortifying the sensual appetites by abstaining, at least at times, from what is pleasing to the taste, by fasting, by guarding the tongue carefully, by the patient endurance of physical ills, as well as by bearing other trials. Suffering in itself may be something indifferent, but the merit lies in the voluntary act of accepting it out of love for God, or to atone for one's sins. As all sin will be punished in this life, or in the next, it is well to accept suffering, or to perform voluntary acts of mortification that atonement may be made here, for in the life to come there will be no opportunity to perform meritorious acts. Those who are wise will seize the present opportunity to make atonement here rather than hereafter. A well-spent Lent will help to a peaceful death and a peaceful death means a happy eternity.

A Forty-Year Procession

A procession that is forty years long! Well, it has been all figured out by Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S. V. D. To impress upon you the immensity of a procession of one billion one hundred and twenty-two million people, the estimated number of people on earth who are not yet Christians, Father Hagspiel makes the following apt comparison. Suppose this almost incomprehensible number of human beings was in a line of march, five abreast, and they were to pass you in review. How long would it take them to pass the review stand, if they marched ten hours a day, 365 days in the year? It would require forty years.

Can you imagine such a procession? What are you doing to shorten that endless line of march? Are you contributing towards the support of the missionaries or towards the projects they are undertaking for the conversion of non-Christians? Are you spending any time in prayer, are you offering up Holy Communions, or performing other good works for that purpose?

Have you affiliated with the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom? The purpose of this League is to aid in bringing all men under the banner of Christ. The greatness of its purpose and the simplicity of its practices ought to commend the League to everyone. All that is asked is a brief daily offering, an occasional Holy Communion received and Mass heard. If you are not a "leaguer," apply at once to the editor of THE GRAIL. Help make the world Christian.

Remailers

February was Catholic Press Month. You were urged to join the apostolate of the press, subscribe for Catholic papers and magazines, and help in the distribution of Catholic literature so as to counteract in a measure the baneful influences of the secular press.

If during press month you labored faithfully in behalf of the Catholic press, do not for a moment think that your obligation in promoting the Catholic press has ceased. Consider the many who are unable to take a Catholic paper or magazine and who on that account are famishing for want of this spiritual food. In this class are not only the poor, but also the inmates of prisons, workhouses, poor houses, hospitals, missions, and many other places, where good, wholesome, Catholic literature would prove a Godsend. Many a soul may owe its conversion to the chance reading of a Catholic paper, just because you exercised the apostolate of remailing your Catholic papers and magazines.

Many are the calls for Catholic papers and magazines. Chaplains of prisons, missionaries, and others are clamoring for remailed literature for distribution. One such request has just come to our desk:

To the Editor:

Would you be kind enough to print the following in your good magazine—Remail your Catholic papers to Rev. R. J. Sorin, De Lisle, Mississippi, via Pass Christian, to be distributed in his hard missions in which he has worked for twenty-eight years and built ten chapels.

Los Angeles K. of C. Remailers

The spirit of the apostolate—of spreading Catholic literature—has been caught by Council 621 of the Knights of Columbus at Los Angeles, California. A most encouraging report comes from the K. of C. Distribution Bureau, 612 South Flower Street, in the city of "the angels." The efforts of this council, which holds an enviable reputation for remailing, are worthy of emulation. The following is a resumé of the results achieved by the Distribution Bureau in 1924: Catholic papers and pamphlets were remailed to the number of 18,900 with a total weight of 5,235 pounds. Mission and industrial schools, orphanages, prisons, etc., were the beneficiaries.

Truth magazine, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., also collects a vast amount of Catholic literature which is remailed to missionaries and to others who need such literature. The Catholic paper is a constant mission. Are you willing to be a missionary?

Cries of Distress

That there is still very much suffering in Europe as a result of the recent World War, especially in Germany and Austria, is evident from the numerous letters that are constantly received not only from the laity and religious, but also from priests, bishops, and Cardinals. The following are several extracts.

"May God bless and reward the self-denying charity of American Catholics," writes one under date of December 22, 1924. "Without their charity we would be utterly hopeless. The price of food and clothing is mounting constantly and never in any previous year, not even in 1919, did I receive such heart-rending appeals for help, as this Christmas. The misery and despondency is appalling, particularly among the middle classes." The distress and suffering is equally as great, if not greater, among priests, sisters, orphans, in convents and in monasteries.

"The economic situation," writes the same dignitary again on January 15, 1925, "continues to be the worst imaginable and unemployment is on the increase every day. My daily mail now consists merely of appeals and cries for help. But I have not the means to help in even the most urgent cases."

"There must be at least one thousand nuns in Austria who are bedfast from starvation," says another. "In one convent that I know of, with seventeen members of the community ill and confined to their beds, but two sisters are able to be up and about. In another convent all save one are unable to walk. The cloistered nuns are the worst off of all. They are ill, penniless, and hungry. The condition of many of the members of the clergy here is the same as that of the sisters. They are without money and weakened from insufficient food."

"The suffering," writes still another, "is perhaps the most severe in the numerous Catholic charitable institutions. Almost without exception they are struggling for their existence, and for sometime past have not known from one day to the next by what means to feed their inmates. The number of institutions whose very existence is threatened, grows continuously."

The Benedictine Fathers of St. Meinrad's Abbey are always ready to forward free of charge any Mass intentions to poor suffering priests and alms to the poor and needy in Europe. Address: Benedictine Fathers, B. F., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

The Other Fellow

It is a fact, attested to by daily news items, that people often either forget or ignore a very important duty which rests upon each one of us. It is that duty

which obliges us to consider the other fellow. If we study the law of God, we shall find that seven of the ten Commandments have to do with our obligations to our fellowmen; and at judgment our Judge will decide out eternal fate on our fulfilment or non-fulfilment of the laws of charity.

Especially should we remember that often things which are in themselves allowable to us are wrong because they violate the rights of others. Thus, in itself, playing cards for money is not necessarily wrong; but when we thereby cause distress to our own dependents or to those from whom we win, it is wrong. To drive an automobile fifty miles an hour may be an innocent thrill; but to do so on a city street or on a much traveled thoroughfare is certainly endangering others and is wrong. Thus also do those people sin who sell others what is supposed to be liquor, when they know it is poisonous or otherwise harmful. Charity indeed begins at home, but does not end there. And often people do more than violate charity;—it is justice that is outraged, and for this we shall have to pay to the last farthing.

Galleries of Fame

"It is the hardest thing in the world to raise a family." Thus spoke a mother. Then she added: "And it takes so long." Only they can realize the full import of these words who themselves are mothers faithful to their duty. Still, anyone can observe what endless labor is involved in rearing children. And it is an obscure labor, unseen and often unappreciated even by the very children until they are grown. Nevertheless such parents are heroes, real heroes, benefactors to mankind and especially blessed of God. The thought of this makes us wonder why people, when they line the walls of public buildings with pictures and statues of the great, do not include therein a picture of father and mother.

105 Years Without Worry

When a person has reached the century mark in his span of life, he is questioned much by those who probably love this life and fear another, as to what method he has used thus to prolong his pilgrimage here on earth. Various are the answers given. Among others, recently a man who had reached his 105th year, attributed his age to the fact that he never worried about anything. Very peaceful life indeed! But the point was well made by a noted editorial writer, that no one of those who have achieved great things has been able to live without worry. A certain amount of worry and forethought goes into all notable undertakings.

Yet it is needful that we distinguish between necessary and unnecessary worry. Of the latter kind there is far too much in this world. Many are agitated and concerned greatly about things which are momentary, passing, and trivial,—their clothes, their comfort, their pleasure,—and let go unheeded the things of eternal importance. Others worry over their own weakness and inability, at thought of danger present or future,

when trust in God's Fatherly care should set them at rest. It is this loving trust that banishes fear and worry, brings sweet peace, and prolongs our days.

Again, the "Prehuman Ape-man"

There comes once more our "scientific" monthly with what purports to be an erudite article as to the primal man and the early history of races. As a matter of fact, however, the article is saturated with scientific bunk,—"mankind hundreds of thousands of years old; the prehuman ape-man learning to walk erect, acquiring the grasping thumb and finger of the human hand, beginning the development of that marvelous collection of little grey cells which forms the brain. By one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand years ago all this was accomplished."

"We have not yet found the bones of these first men.... This does not matter very much." To any sensible, hard-headed man looking for proof, this does matter very much. Further: "The main lines of human evolution may be considered known." Without scientific proof, they may just as well be considered not known. "The fact of man's development out of lower apelike creatures is unquestioned by any modern scientist of note." This, when men like Virchow, Pauly, Blanchard, and De Vries, who have made scientific history, actually admit that this theory of evolution cannot be upheld by any solid proof.

The article in question is nothing but a series of gratuitous statements. And the old principle still holds that what is asserted without proof may be denied without proof. Nay, but we will give proof. The oldest historical records in the world state definitely that man—*man*—was created by God, who gave him a *soul*. So, from the very first, man was not a soulless ape, but a human being. And in spite of all the efforts of unbelievers, this statement has never been contradicted by any geological or archeological findings whatsoever.

(Continued on page 505)

Holy Grail Sonnets

Dom. Hugh Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

2. Excalibur

Two spirits struggled long in Arthur's breast,—
The love of pagan gods and magic lore
His fathers had revered,—yet love he bore
Also to Christ and to His Mother blessed.

The Grail he prized and heeded priest's behest,
And on the word of God set goodly store;
Till dangers sore his youthful faith outwore,
As all around the foemen on him pressed.

"The sword Excalibur alone can nerve
Thine arm to conquer," spoke Merlin the Wise,
"Thine will it be if thou wilt ever serve
My Lady of the Lake."—And as a spell
The beauty of the lake and of the prize,
Ablaze with gems, upon the King's heart fell.

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter XIX

THE dripping trees and the forlorn call of one wet robin were the only sounds audible about the old house. The rain was over, and a chill was in the air. It was late afternoon, and Willie Pat had not left her room since returning from the funeral. To occupy her mind, she had busied herself with sorting and arranging the contents of desk-drawer and wardrobe, till now all was done and she stood gazing listlessly from a window. From her post she could see Simkins coming through the wet grass toward the kitchen. As he passed, he looked up, and espying her, took off his hat and smiled. It was not a pretty smile, but it was Simkins' best. His figure was bedraggled, his face haggard. Willie Pat hoped Aunt Millie would give him something to eat. But at that moment Aunt Millie came into the room behind her, carrying in one arm a bundle of kindling wood and in the other hand a bucket filled with coal.

"Honey chile," she announced, "it's gittin' chilly, an' I allowed you better have a fire."

"You are too good to me, Aunt Millie," Willie Pat assured the old servant with a grateful smile. "But first, Aunt Millie, won't you please go down to the kitchen and give poor Simkins something to eat? He looks so haggard and so forlorn."

"Huh! He looks like a *catfish*. I declar' fo' de Lord, Miss Willie, dar never was nuthin' as funny as dat man wif his new pink-ribbon hat. But I'll go wait on him as you say."

Aunt Millie waddled out. When she returned, a quarter of an hour later, she found Willie Pat seated before a cheerful blaze, which she had herself kindled.

"No, ma'am," the old woman continued as though never interrupted. "Dar ain't nuthin' funnier 'n dat man. He *crying* now."

"Crying? What can he be crying for?"

"He cryin' cause what I tole him."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I tole him I wouldn't give him nuthin' to eat. But dat ain't what made him cry. I tole him I wouldn't give him nuthin' to eat, *puss'nly*, but dat you done give me orders an' so I had to. A little after dat, he began cryin' while he ate his supper, and afterwards he got up and walked out. An' you ought to seen dat man! He was holding his head up jes' like real folks. Dar he goes now!"

Willie Pat turned her head, and sure enough, there walked Simkins toward the gate, firmer

of tread and more erect of carriage than ever seen before. He passed through the gateway and, turning toward town, was soon lost to view.

"The poor fellow has some good in him, no doubt. It all only shows that we should be patient and charitable in our judgment of everyone."

"Dat's what I say, honey; and especially about Mr. Danny. He ain't carin' nuthin' bout that nurse. He ain't carin' nuthin' 'tall 'bout her."

"Why, what in the world do you mean, Aunt Millie? Who in the world is thinking about Mr. Lacey?"

"Dat's jes' what I say! Who thinkin' o' him? Ain't *nobody* thinkin' o' him. Dey got him in trouble in co't, an' dey gwine send him to the penitentiary, an' he ain't got no friends, an' his friends done gone back on him. *All* of 'em!"

"He has brought his trouble upon himself, has he not?"

"No'm, he ain't! He ain't done nuthin' to git in trouble. He's a *good* man. You can't fool yo' Aunt Millie. Mr. Danny, he's *quality*!"

"Aunt Millie," pleaded Willie Pat in a voice that was low and trembling between sorrow and indignation, "I wish I could believe you are right. But you know, Aunt Millie, what I saw with my own eyes!"

She arose and passed swiftly across the room, her indignation mounting, her pale cheeks turning red and her tired eyes flashing sternly, as she commanded:

"This is enough. I know you mean well. But never,—never, I say,—speak to me again of those two creatures. I wish never to hear their names mentioned in my presence."

With this, Willie Pat left the room and descended the stairs, and then went in to be with her father.

"Daughter," he welcomed her in tones of affection as she drew near to kiss him, "that young man you had employed here has been sentenced to prison for two years. Colonel Mitre telephoned shortly before you came down. The case was very one-sided, the Colonel said. I asked him if there seems any danger of confiscation proceedings against us. He replied only that he is coming out this evening. Apparently he thinks there is danger. It looks as though this is our common hour of trouble, doesn't it?" he added tenderly stroking her hair.

"It is our common trouble, daddy, not only

our common hour. I have no trouble that is particularly my own."

"But this young man, this Danny Lacey—" "Forget him, papa, that is what I want to do."

For several moments neither father nor daughter spoke. Pat Armstrong, while admiring his child's spirit and courage, was not deceived as to her suffering. His anger, in spite of weakness and sorrow, slowly arose within him, and he questioned sternly:

"Has that fellow slighted you, child, or—"

"Oh, papa, do not speak of him, please, nor of her! I don't wish to think of them! Promise me you won't! We shall have many other things to think about now, and to do; and that will be better."

"Well, as you wish, daughter. Is that the telephone? Answer it."

Willie Pat did as requested, only once more to be reminded against her will of Danny Lacey.

"Oh, Willie Pat," confided Katherine Mitre, for she it was at the other end, "do you know you have narrowly escaped a big scandal? Yes, indeed! Danny Lacey thrashed Bill Johnson last night on your account,—"

"He had no right to do anything on my account—"

"And he made him apologize on his knees for something he said about you—"

"He should mind his own business—"

"And they say that Bill Johnson is so ashamed and humiliated that he has left town. Mr. Lacey is all battered up, too, after the fight. He is bandaged and crippled, and, oh, he looked so pitiful in court when his sentence was read. I could not help crying. They are taking him away on the late train. Papa feels dreadful. We are coming out after a while. Look for us. Good-by."

"Who was that?" inquired Pat Armstrong as Willie Pat passed his door.

"Oh, why it was Katherine. She and her father are coming out, she says," and Willie Pat hurried upstairs to her room.

"And now what?" Willie Pat questioned herself as she stood, scarcely breathing with fretfulness and distress in the middle of the floor. Would she never be permitted to put Danny Lacey from her mind? Would she never be allowed to forget him? *He had fought Johnson for her and had made him apologize on his knees! But for what?*—Strange, she did not at the moment care. And he was himself injured for her sake! And Katherine Mitre had cried at the sight of him! Why should Katherine cry? And now he was going to prison! Would Miss Boulder go to see him there? *Miss Boulder!* Oh, why should she have brought her offensive presence to her once happy home?

Were it not for that woman, how different, how different—But, no! She bit her lip in vexation at her own weakness. Let the two of them go; they were not worthy of her thought. And now a flush of shame spread from neck to cheek at the thought that she might be involved with him in a public scandal. The nurse's paramour her champion! Katherine had said she had narrowly missed a scandal. *Had* she missed it? It would be on everyone's tongue. She felt as though she must suffocate indoors, and hurried downstairs again and far out upon the lawn where, in spite of the wetness of the grass, she paced back and forth, trying to regain her composure. Thanks to her innate good sense, her deeply religious nature and her early training in prayer and piety at Sharon, this she was able ere long to accomplish, and when, an hour later, she returned to the house to meet the Mitres, her mind was at peace and her heart quieted by the newly-won resignation of her soul.

On account of the coolness and dampness of the night, they sat indoors,—Pat Armstrong and the Colonel and their daughters. The gentlemen, in armchairs, faced each other from opposite sides of the hall; the girls sat together on a lower step of the stairway.

"Possibly," the Colonel was saying, "we can secure sufficient evidence to prevail upon the prosecuting attorney not to open proceedings; although he seems to be afraid of the fanatics, who threaten to defeat him next election. It seems to me that, under the circumstances, you had better sell."

"I might escape ruin in that way," conceded Willie Pat's father; "and now, with Philip gone and my own health broken, it may be better to give the place up. But to sell under the present conditions would not be honest."

"Yes, it would be honest," contradicted the Colonel. "The purchaser I have already understands the situation perfectly,—just as well as you and I. He is so anxious to buy the place that he has prepared for immediate cash payment, and has a deed ready for your signature. Here it is in my pocket."

The girls listened absorbed.

"Who is it that wants the place so badly?" demanded Mr. Armstrong.

"Danny Lacey," the Colonel replied simply.

A gasp and an exclamation of surprise came from the staircase; from Pat Armstrong the exclamation in contemptuous tones:

"That fellow!"

"Yes, it is his proposal, and he urges quick action."

"I'll never see my home placed in his hands. Be careful not to insult me, Colonel, by asking me again to do this."

"Very well, Pat," he agreed, "You and I are old friends, and I'll never insult you knowingly, I assure you. But this young man, Lacey, also is my friend, and I don't mind telling you that it would be no disgrace for you to sell your place to him, nor for any man to deal with him in any honorable way, financial or social or—"

How much further the Colonel would have gone in Danny's defense and vindication, we may not know, for loud footsteps sounded suddenly upon the porch and attracted the attention of all; and these were followed by the cheery voice of Father Roche, directing:

"Come on, Tom, we'll walk right in; and a moment later in stepped the genial pastor, followed closely by Simkins.

"Well, well," greeted the priest; "how pleasant it is to find you all here. My friend, Tom, here is not satisfied with the way certain things have gone of late here and also in town and thinks he can rectify them better than anyone else. Tell them all what you have to say, Tom."

Simkins shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, turned round and round his pink-banded hat and twisted his shoulders several times before he spoke. Then, looking from one to another, but oftenest at Willie Pat, he announced:

"Mr. Philip didn't know nothin' about moonshin' on this place, and neither did Mr. Danny. Bill Johnson owned that still, and I run it fer him. Same way, Mr. Danny didn't know nothin' about that whiskey in the loft. I put it there while he was out. Bill Johnson made me do it. Bill Johnson told the officers to raid the cabin; and Bill Johnson made me call 'em up to come and raid the cave. That was when he was sick upstairs."

"Bill Johnson," repeated Willie Pat in a weak voice, turning very pale. She took Katherine's hand, and rising, led her into the back parlor.

"I'm not surprised," declared the Colonel with some heat. "No man with common sense ever believed that either Philip or Danny had anything to do with that business. The only question was, who *did* run the still?"

"No," declared Father Roche, "there is another question, and that is, why did Johnson set up his still on Pat's place. Tom can tell you he set up his still here with the very purpose of having it raided so as to implicate this family? Am I right, Tom?"

"Yes, sir; that's what Johnson told me when we was a-doin' it."

"Of course, you all see the importance of this information," Father Roche continued, since it removes all danger of confiscation, and will also release young Lacey from prison. Steps should be taken immediately to release him."

"Colonel," spoke Pat Armstrong, "after what Father Roche and Simkins have told us, I feel

quite differently about your friend, and you may count upon my cooperation to see that justice is done him. I begin to see now his generous motive in offering to buy my place, and, although I could not accept kindness of such a nature from him, I certainly honor him for his motive. What do you propose as the best assistance we can give him?"

While the gentlemen were consulting earnestly as to the best and quickest way to have Danny released from prison, the two girls, who, up to this point, had been eager listeners in the back parlor, had a visit from Aunt Millie, who came in from the dining room.

"I want to see you, Miss Willie Pat, if Miss Katherine will excuse me. Jes' step here to the dinin' room with me."

With that announcement, made in the most solemn and self-possessed of tones, the old cook turned her back and walked out. Willie Pat smiled an excuse at Katherine and followed her.

"I know what you heard from de gentlemen an' dat dar Simkins, 'cause I was listenin' jes' as well as you all. An' I know somethin' none of 'em knows, and dat's what I want to tell my little gal."

"Aunt Millie, I'm surprised at you. You know you should not listen around so."

"Yes, I should, too. Ef I didn't listen 'round, as you say, I wouldn't have nuthin' to tell you now. An' I sho' is got sum'p'n to tell, and dis time I want you to listen till I'm th'ough."

"My goodness, Aunt Millie, why so solemn about it all? For goodness' sake, go on and tell."

"It's all 'bout Mr. Danny an'—"

"Aunt Millie! Didn't I tell you not to speak to me of him?"

"Yes'm, you did. But I'se gwine speak to you dis time nevermo-de-less; an' if you don' listen to me, den I'se gwine to leave you. Now, is you gwine to listen or not?"

"I'll listen," submitted Willie Pat.

"Well, den, honey, you thought Mr. Danny was a-triflin' wif dat nurse. He wasn't no sech thing. She runned after him. How comes I know was 'cause I see her. No use tellin' you how often I see her, 'case I see her a plenty. But one thing my little girl jes' boun' to know, an' dat is, how come de nurse in de cabin when dem officers arrest Mr. Danny. She was down dar 'case Mr. Bill Johnson sent her down, dat's why. He *tole* her run down dar fer to wake Mr. Danny up an' git him out de way! case, he says, Mr. Danny was drunk. How he know dem revenuers was comin? Tell me dat. An' Mr. Danny wasn't no mo' drunk dan I is. An' den Mr. Bill Johnson he sent fo' you. An' he didn't talk to you in de house nor on de front po'ch,—oh, no! He bring you 'roun' to de side po'ch.

What he ask you 'roun' to de side po'ch fo'? He ain't never done dat befo', is he? No *ma'am*, he ain't. But dis time he wanted you to see sum'p'n. He wanted you to see dat nurse comin' out de cabin. Dat's why."

"Aunt Millie, you are not dreaming all this, are you?"

"Dreamin'! Does I look like I'se dreamin'?" and the old woman put a ten-dollar bill in Willie Pat's hand.

"What has this to do with it, Aunt Millie?"

"Dat's what he gave me to call you quick, after he send de nurse to de cabin. Dat's when he tole me ax you to come to de side po'ch and nowhere else. When I think of it now, I want to burn dat money up. I'll burn it up yit if you won't believe me."

"I believe you, Aunt Millie. I believe every word you say," and she affectionately patted the old woman's cheek, while her grey eyes glowed with a new and tender light. "And now tell Katherine to come up to my room,—tell her to come after about five minutes; and you come with her."

Willie Pat walked out of the room like one in a dream, Aunt Millie watching her every slow step and, only when she was gone, ejaculating, "dar, now." She found herself, she knew not how, on her knees beside her bed, her eyes raining tears, her heart a tumult of joy and self-abasement. Why, *why* had she told Katherine to come in five minutes? But her footsteps and those of Aunt Millie were on the stairs, and her passion of prayer and happiness and reverie must end. But they ended in one absorbing resolve which gave elasticity to her step and great dignity to her carriage and a sweet firmness to her lips and a new light to her eye. That is why, as she descended the hall stairs, followed by Katherine and the faithful Aunt Millie, and, as the gentlemen in the hall arose and Father Roche announced: Willie Pat, your father and the rest of us are going to Capital tomorrow, she replied with a smile of perfect content and self-possession:

"I am going to the Capital *tonight*. Who all are going with me?"

THE END

Memorial to the "Nuns of the Battlefield"

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER

During the convention of the National Catholic Women's Council, at St. Louis, there was no report listened to with greater interest than that of Mrs. Adelia Christy, President of the Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, on the memorial to the nuns who nursed the sick and wounded on the battlefields, in the hospitals, and on the hospital ships during the dark period of the Civil War.

The feelings of her hearers was a mixture of regret that we did not all have part in it, and joy that a little group of our women were able to carry the work to a successful termination, for though the service of the sisters won the admiration of both soldier and civilian, it was not a popular movement to ask that the nation should publicly acknowledge their heroism.

High tribute was paid in the report to the work of Mrs. Ellen Jolly, L. S. D., Past President of the Auxiliary, chairman of the Memorial Committee and moving spirit of the scheme from its inception to its successful termination.

The memorial, simple and as enduring as the virtues of the women it commemorates, was accepted and its place assigned by act of Congress, so this chapter in the history of Catholic charities is no longer a subject for dispute but has become a part of the history of the nation

inscribed in stone and given a place in our Capital City.

The site which Congress selected is one of the most desirable in the city for monuments of this order. It is located in what is known as the Embassy District, close to the church of St. Matthew.

The memorial is twenty-two feet in length and fourteen feet in height. The material is granite of a soft gray tint with a rose glow. There is a bronze entablature showing twelve figures in bas-relief, representing the twelve communities of sisters that took part in the care of the sick and wounded. At the ends in full relief are the allegorical figures—Peace and Patriotism without the sword. The work is by the noted sculptor Jerome Conner, and it is an artistic addition to the City of Washington. The dedication occurred on the twentieth of September before an immense gathering of both clergy and laity. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, a basket of white doves were released. They circled round showing silvery against the dark sky, and after a few moments scattered away and were lost to sight. It was a beautiful symbol of those cloistered souls who came out again into a world they had left, because of a background of strife and hate, and when their purpose was accomplished, returned to the shelter of their convent homes.

Lent and Eucharist

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

HIGH Mass was over. The congregation was scattering in all directions. Mary Alice and her mother were hurrying home to prepare the midday meal. "Mother," quizzed the little one, who kept up a torrent of questions, "did Father Gilbert talk so much last year about going to Holy Communion during Lent?"

"Yes, yes, dear!" was the reply.

"I wonder why."

"Well, isn't Lent a time of penance and of good works? And the best of good works are attendance at Mass and Holy Communion."

"Mother, do you think that's the reason?"

"I have no time now, I must get dinner."

The following Saturday the Catholic weekly came. Mary Alice was the first one to get hold of it. All at once she ran breathless into the kitchen, calling out: "Oh mother! mother! Father Gilbert's name is in the paper this week."

"What does it say about him?"

"It don't say nothing about him but he wrote a piece himself."

"Well go on. What is it?"

"It says on top: 'Lent and Eucharist.' Do you think that he heard us last Sunday?"

"No, no! how could he? He knows well enough that many people don't hear the sermon on Sundays. Therefore he wants them too to receive his admonitions. Very often the Catholic papers and periodicals are the only means by which the word of God reaches even many Catholics."

"I know some Catholics that don't go to the sermon on Sunday."

"Sh! 'sh! Don't talk about people that way. Read what Father Gilbert says."

"He says: 'Lent is a season in which the

faithful are prompted to reflect upon the Passion of our Lord more extensively and intensively. They are eager to reap its fruits in a larger measure than at other times of the year. This can best be accomplished by a closer union with that very greatest treasure of the Catholic Church, the one which can never be separated from the Passion, that is, the Holy Eucharist."



"The Passion of Christ is the fountain, origin, and principle of the Blessed Sacrament."—Father Faber.

"In the first place our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist as a memorial of His Passion. This institution took place immediately before He began His bitter suffering. Suppose a father were condemned to death for his son. Before he breathes his last he takes a touching farewell from his child. He dips a little souvenir into his own blood and tells the boy: 'Keep this as a remembrance of me; kiss it often in memory not only of me but also of the cause for which I die. As often as you do it you will give proof that you are not forgetful of me and of my death.' Surely this son, if he is loyal, will not let one day pass without taking this souvenir into his hands to look at it, to kiss it, and to press it to his heart. He would do so especially about that time of the year in which his father met death. Now our dear Saviour was condemned to death

for us. His was a most painful and disgraceful death, at least in the eyes of the world. But He did not leave us without a souvenir as a remembrance. This was not a mere relic, a picture, a piece of His garment, or even one of the instruments of His torture. What He bequeathed to His children is nothing less than His own body and His own blood together with His humanity and His divinity. Through It, therefore, we adhere inti-

mately to the cross, through It we drink the precious blood, dipping as it were our very tongue into the wounds of the Redeemer. For at the Last Supper He told His disciples: "Take ye and eat. This is My body which shall be given for you. This is the chalice of the New Testament in My blood which shall be shed for you. Do this for a commemoration of Me." St. Paul therefore says: "As often as you eat this bread and drink this chalice you show the death of the Lord until He come." Hence, if we are to give a proof of our attachment to our Divine Savior's souvenir we should not only look at it, reflect on it, press it to our lips, but take it into our hearts. This we do in Holy Communion. If we can't receive so frequently at other times, we ought to do as much as possible during this season which is dedicated to our dear Savior's suffering and death.

"Why, we cannot even explain the one doctrine without the other. Redemption was wrought but once upon the cross by Christ our High Priest, who needed only one oblation to atone for our sins. But this oblation had to be made perpetual in its application. Now, as by the bloody offering Christ paid the penalty, so the same oblation, mystically perpetuated under the Eucharistic species, serves to apply the fruits to all that need redemption. Hence says Pope Leo XIII: "The perpetuity of the sacrifice of the cross is the Most Holy Eucharist, which is not an empty similitude or a commemoration but the very sacrifice itself under a different appearance, and therefore the power of impetration and expiation in the sacrifice flows from the death of Christ." A pious writer says that the offering of the cross merits everything and applies nothing, whilst the Mass merits nothing but applies everything.

"Then take the practice of the Church. She has always given expression to this intimate relation between cross and Eucharist. It is true that in the ages of persecution the Eucharistic mysteries were kept secret for fear of adding another stumblingblock to that of the cross. But when the era of persecution had passed and the Christian worship was inaugurated publicly, the cross was set up over every temple that harbored the Blessed Sacrament, and over every altar where the Holy Sacrifice was offered. Even today the cross is printed on the sacred vestments and vessels used for the Eucharistic sacrifice. Holy Mass begins with the sign of the cross; with it the bread and wine are blessed; even the Sacred Body and Precious Blood are thus signed. The priest traces the cross upon himself and on the faithful who offer the Mass with him whilst they, too, employ this holy sign. When he distributes Holy Communion, he makes the same sign over each

recipient to whom he administers the sacrament, as he had done over himself before receiving the Sacred Body and drinking of the chalice. All through the Mass the Passion is commemorated in words as well as by signs.

"The faithful, who in their own little way have their own crosses, will only be able to imitate Christ to some extent by the use of Holy Eucharist as the connecting link between Christ's passion and their own. The yoke of the Lord, which each one is invited to embrace, is the cross made sweet by the Eucharist. Human life is after all a mixture of pleasure and pain, of affliction and consolation. Such is the case even in the natural order. In the order of grace the same course must be pursued; we must labor, suffer, and submit to many trials. But they are sweetened by the Manna of the Eucharist containing in itself every delightful taste. Without the Eucharistic nourishment we should faint in the way and be forced to exclaim with the Royal Prophet: "My heart is withered because I forgot to eat my bread." The martyrs of the first ages understood this truth when they prepared themselves for their frightful torments by receiving the Holy Eucharist. Thus strengthened, they boldly faced the tyrants and executioners.

"Therefore, if we wish to communicate usefully and fulfil the intentions of Jesus Christ, we should receive Him especially now during Lent with the express desire that His adorable body produce in us the love of the cross, that is to say, the love of humiliations and sufferings with a readiness to be sacrificed and to die to ourselves as Jesus was immolated to the good pleasure of His Father. We should judge of our fruits of Holy Communion by our love of the cross; we should not think that they are good solely because we have enjoyed in them many consolations, but rather because we come from them filled with a new courage to overcome ourselves, to wage war against self-love, and to suffer patiently whatsoever sorrows and trials God may have in store for us. If such are the fruits of our Communions they are really Lenten Communions because they produce a reflection of the suffering Savior in our own person. All the other Eucharistic devotions will cooperate with Holy Communion in attaining this desired end. Let us hope, therefore, that many Catholics will attend Mass more frequently, approach the Holy Table daily, if possible, prove their zeal by their presence at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and at the Lenten services, and make the Prisoner of the Tabernacle an occasional private call. All these various modes of honoring our Eucharistic Lord, and in particular the keeping of the holy hour, are a favorable and practical

answer to our Savior's plaintive question of Maundy Thursday: Could you not watch one hour with Me?"

"Gee! Father Gilbert made this piece so long, I am tired," commented the youthful reader. "But look, mother, here it says: 'A priest died at the altar.'"

"Who was it? Maybe we know him."

"Oh no! it happened long ago. It says that the priest's name was Pierre Moutette and that he died in 1875. He was pastor for forty years of a parish in Switzerland. Oh how long! And he was blind for fifteen years. Poor priest! Just think he did his work anyhow and when he couldn't do anything else he prayed. Because he was old and feeble, the Swiss government did not expel him in 1874 when the other priests were driven away from their parishes. Oh! this priest had all the work by himself then. At midnight they used to lead him up into the hills to help the dying. Look, mother, it says that at Easter time he was day and night in the confessional. On Holy Saturday he heard confessions from one o'clock in the

afternoon till ten at night. Easter Sunday he was again in the confessional at four o'clock in the morning. At nine o'clock he went to the altar and—ah! they had a barn for a church because the real church had been taken away from the Catholics. This good priest, though he was dead tired, tried to sing a High Mass. Some of the people cried when they looked at him. At the "Sanctus" he fainted. No wonder! But he got better and consecrated the body and blood of our Lord. Then he received Holy Communion and fell down dead at the altar. The people cried aloud and they were all so sad." Tears streamed down the child's cheeks as she finished reading.

The mother herself was touched by the narrative as well as by the child's emotion. "See," she explained, "that is what Father Gilbert meant in the last part of his article. As this holy priest ended his Lent after having united his hard trials and sufferings with the Holy Eucharist, and even died in its presence, so should we do. Thus we honor our Savior's passion because the Eucharist leads us back to His passion."

St. Francis de Sales

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

(Continued)

APOSTLE OF THE CHABLAIS

NEAR the door in the Cathedral at Annecy there is a very old confessional hacked and cut to pieces in places probably by devout pilgrims. Is it the one in which Francis de Sales listened to so many tales of sin and sorrow consoling, and comforting so many broken-hearted, world-weary souls? Probably. We know he selected the confessional nearest the entrance that the halt, the blind, and the infirm might find him without difficulty.

In this same Cathedral there is also the pulpit from which he preached his first sermon, while still only a subdeacon at the express wish of Monseigneur de Granier. Francis preached on the Octave of Corpus Christi. He was dreadfully nervous, shaking and trembling and scarce able to ascend the pulpit. Recommending himself to God he soon forgot his fears and tremors and felt only the sublime subject—the Blessed Eucharist—he electrified his audience by the strength and fervour of his language and the clearness and grace of his ideas. Many shed tears, and above all, his happy mother, who felt her hopes were indeed realized and that her son was likely to become a helper and guide to many.

At the moment she did not, however, foresee in how striking and wonderful a way Francis

was to become a "light to them that sit in darkness," but soon she heard from her son's own lips that he had volunteered to help evangelize the Chablais.

She received the news with calmness and serenity but poor M. de Boisy rebelled, stormed and entreated, finally going to Mgr. de Granier, he said with tears in his eyes: "I permitted my eldest son, who is the hope of our house and the staff of my old age, to devote himself to the Church as a confessor but never will I consent that he should become a martyr."

The Bishop was touched by the stern old man's poignant sorrow, but Francis, though deeply moved, was not to be deterred from following the dictates of his conscience. Therefore on September 9th, 1594, Francis and Louis de Sales set out from Annecy on their hazardous journey. In the evening they arrived at the citadel of Allinges in the heart of the Chablais, about six miles from Thonon, the principal town, and the stronghold of Calvinism.

Baron d'Hermance was Governor of the Fortress having in his command a troop of Catholic soldiers. He was a faithful adherent of the Duke of Savoy to whom the country of the Chablais had lately been restored, for it was, while in the hands of the Genevans, that most of the inhabitants had become Calvinists.

At this time there were in the Chablais seventy-two parishes, thickly populated, and

among them there were only a hundred Catholics.

Truth is stranger than fiction and if the hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures of Francis and Louis de Sales were related in a modern novel, readers while enthralled by the recital—

"Most disastrous chances—of moving accidents by flood and fields

Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach
Of being taken by the insolent foe—

Where'en of antris vast and deserts idle,

Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven"—

would look upon them as far-fetched and unconvincing. Space does not permit of my even attempting to narrate them. I can only mention that many and miraculous were their escapes from ruffians hired to assassinate them, from dangers besetting travellers in steep mountain paths over foaming mountain torrents—the danger of perishing from cold and hunger, weariness and sleeplessness. Constantly they risked their lives journeying through the length and breadth of the land, in the winter colds and the summer heats. They preached, exhorted, taught and argued, suffered and endured, and so zealous and kind, so learned and holy were Francis and Louis that finally the people listened to them and many were converted. Francis not only confuted the preachers sent to oppose him from Geneva but he converted the Syndic and several leading citizens. At the request of Pope Clement the Eighth our saint travelled to Geneva in order to interview Theodore de Bèze, the famous heresiarch, called by his adherents the Pope of Geneva.

The Apostle of the Chablais and the successor of Calvin held several conferences, but though Theodore de Bèze's heart was touched by the burning eloquence and the clear reasoning of Francis de Sales, he had not the moral courage or the strength of will to give up power and place, to sacrifice his position as Pope of the Calvinists to become a mere subject of the Pope of Rome.

In four years Francis succeeded in converting the Chablais. Unfortunately, within the limits of this sketch, I am unable to give you an account of his triumphal labours, I can only narrate that by gentleness, perseverance, zeal, and patience, united with courtesy and courtliness, he accomplished his glorious mission and gained his heart's desire.

Standing on the ramparts of the citadel of Allignes, Francis de Sales looked over that fair land down to the blue waters of Lake Lemman and upward to the everlasting hills, to the snow-capped Dent du Midi, the beautiful towering Alps, and he saw the Cross everywhere tri-

umphant. He knew that under Providence he had wrested this fruitful country from the thralldom of the evil one. Above him from the flagstaff waved the banner of the white cross of Savoy, and beneath him in the valleys, in the highways and byways numerous crucifixes stood clearly outlined, the churches were rebuilt, the presbyteries inhabited by zealous priests, monasteries and convents were restored. He could hear the pealing of the bells ringing the Angelus and summoning the people to Divine Worship. The ruin and desolation over which he had wept four years previously had vanished. The inhabitants of the Chablais were no longer aliens from the True Fold.

In this land, where, on his arrival in 1594, there had been only a hundred Catholics, there were now scarcely a hundred Calvinists. It is estimated that about seventy-two thousand people were received by Francis de Sales and his fellow missionaries into the Church.

BISHOP OF NICOPOLIS AND COADJUTOR OF GENEVA

In 1599, sorely against his will, Francis de Sales was appointed coadjutor of Geneva. Pope Clement the Eighth approved but wished personally to examine Francis in presence of the Sacred College.

Accordingly our saint, accompanied by the Abbé de Cissé and an old and faithful servitor, by name George Rolland, started in February on their journey to Rome. There they found President Antoine Favre awaiting them. Francis and his old friend put up at the same hotel and together they visited St. Peter's, prostrating themselves at the tomb of the holy Apostle, they prayed for light and guidance. Later they visited the catacombs and the following day Francis and the Abbé de Cissé were presented to the Pope by Cardinal de Medici and the Abbé asked the Sovereign Pontiff to appoint Francis de Sales, coadjutor with right of succession to the See of Geneva.

Clement the Eighth received this request graciously and turning to Francis said: "We rejoice, my son, and we give thanks to God that He calls you to the episcopate. Be ready to be examined on next Monday, March the 22nd."

Francis pleaded the Savoyard privilege of exemption from examination. The Pope admitted it and told him he wished not to test, but to make manifest, his learning.

Francis prepared himself for the ordeal by prayer and fasting and on the appointed day appeared at the Vatican.

Clement the Eighth was seated on his throne, surrounded by Cardinals, Prelates, and a brilliant and numerous court. He questioned Francis on several difficult and abstruse subjects. Cardinals Borromeo and Borgia and Père Bel-

larmine then examined him on the most subtle and delicate points.

The Pope was so pleased with his answers and with his unassuming and winning manner, that, descending from his throne, he warmly embraced the humble and gentle candidate, crying in a loud voice:

"Drink, my son, water out of thy own cistern, and the streams of thy own well; let thy fountains be conveyed abroad, and let the streets divide thy waters." (Prov. 5:15,16.)

During his visit to Rome Francis contracted life-long friendships with some of the most holy and distinguished men of their time—amongst others Cardinal Borgia, afterwards Paul V, with Cardinal Baronius, the dearest friend and faithful companion of St. Philip Neri, with Bellarmine, whose famous "Controversies" he always carried about with him, and with the saintly Ancina, also an Oratorian.

Francis was named Bishop of Nicopolis and Coadjutor of Geneva. He and his companions then left Rome and proceeded to Savoy, once more visiting en route the Holy House of Nazareth. He however spent but a short time at Annecy, the religious affairs of the territory of Gex, a dependency of France necessitated his travelling to Paris.

As usual he made friends, among them M. Deshayes, secretary to Henry IV, King of France, and Navarre, and the King wished himself to make "a third in this fair friendship."

The King persuaded Francis to preach the Lenten sermons at the Court. These discourses were an unqualified success. Many conversions were the result of the Gentle Saint's burning eloquence and lucid reasoning. Cardinal de Perin remarked, "God has given to M. de Genève the key that unlocks all hearts. If it were only necessary to convince the heretics, I myself could convince as many as you please. But convert them! For that send them to M. de Genève."

Francis was still only Coadjutor but the King and all the Court called him M. de Genève, a title that properly belonged only to the Bishop of Geneva.

Henry playfully called Francis his "phoenix of prelates" and was most desirous to keep this paragon of perfection in France, promising him splendid appointments, but Francis was adamant. Having succeeded in his mission, and induced the King to grant liberty of conscience to the people of Gex, he resolved to return to Savoy, particularly as disquieting news came from there. Claude de Granier was dangerously ill and it was imperative his coadjutor should hasten back in order to be consecrated Bishop.

Francis started from Paris and had got as far as Lyons when he heard of the death of the Bishop of Geneva. Claude de Granier died on

September 17th, 1602. Having received the last sacraments, he passed quietly away.

It was quite unnecessary for him to make a will. At his death he only possessed six sous and the sale of his goods and chattels barely sufficed to pay his debts.

Travelling rapidly, Francis soon reached Gex, succeeded in reestablishing five parishes, appointed his cousin, Canon Louis de Sales, parish priest of the town of Gex, and then hastened to his own old home the Château de Sales to prepare for his consecration.

(To be continued)

From the Altar to the Hearth

MRS. J. T. WHIPPLE

IT is significant that in entering into the contract of marriage, which is the first step in the founding of the home, Holy Mother Church calls man and woman into the sanctuary and bids them kneel before God's altar.

It is no light contract, which is entered into with such solemnity in the very presence of God, Himself, but a contract upon the sacredness and binding power of which depends not alone the security of the family, but the future of the country—the whole human race. It is because of the seriousness of the obligations, and the far-reaching consequences of their being properly or improperly fulfilled, that the Christian couple to be united in marriage are called before the altar of the Most High.

From God's altar, then, where the supreme act of worship takes place, where the Clean Victim is offered, and from the confines of which, the sanctuary, emanates the Word of God instructing and strengthening to salvation; from this hallowed place man and woman, united in the holy bond of matrimony, leave for the home.

It was there in the presence of God that in dedicating themselves they dedicated the home. The graces and blessings received at God's altar were for the perpetuating and sanctification of that home. The ancients lit the fire to the household gods with sacred embers from the fire in the temple. It was a symbol of the religious foundation of the Christian home. And it is only in the measure that the home is held sacred and a Christian atmosphere maintained that we can look for the progress of those virtues without which the family and society in general disintegrates.

The sacred embers of God's religion must light and keep burning the sacred fires of the home. When we see the home dominated by Christian principles, and persevering in the dedication made at God's altar, then shall we see that in truth Christ hath overcome the world.

And This is America

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

FOREWORD: In New Mexico were ever unpaid lay-workers. The majority were northern school teachers. Some few gave up public school work for the church schools.

My first work in New Mexico was as a catechist. I had gone down to pick up a Spanish dialect to aid me in my work—I taught Spanish in a northern public school.

My first prolonged stop was a Raton. Immediately I began my work as a catechist although my decision was as sudden as was the proposal made by Father Cooney, who had an uncanny gift of finding catechists. Aside from the great good I would be doing the Church, he stressed the fact I would be living with Mexicans who knew little or no English, and see how I would add to my vocabulary!!

There was living in Blossburg at that time twenty nomad Mexican families, who had taken possession of some of the vacant mine houses there. Blossburg is a deserted mining town, two miles below Raton.

I was here eight weeks, teaching catechism six hours a day.

My next mission was in Francisco Cañon. Here the work was of a varied nature: visiting the sick and doing some nursing; sewing classes and catechism. While here I learned that the Mexicans—a race set apart—guard the morals of their daughters carefully. No race has more virtuous women. Along with their virtue they are industrious. Frequently a daughter supports her parents, two or three gay brothers, a sister-in-law and a niece and a nephew. Housework at \$8.00 a week will enable her to do this. She keeps \$2.00 for herself and turns the remainder over to her father, and in the desert where there is not much use for the clink of the coin—as the wants of humanity are primitive—six dollars a week means the family can swagger.

As a race the Mexican is steeped in superstition. San Juan (St. John) is their patron saint and all good Mexicans have a tender regard for him. As a race they despise the Americans who came in and took from them their lands. Outside the old town of Chamita, not far from Santa Fe lives Juan Pedro Gonzales on a six-thousand acre ranch that has been in his family since shortly after Juan de Onate founded the town in 1598. It was called San Gabriel at that time. When the U. S. annexed this part of the country, and somewhat later was quit-claiming the original Spanish grants to those who would come forward, Señor Gon-

zales came forward. His abstract dates back to the patents and grants from Mexico.

Many Mexicans would not hear to a new government and stubbornly refused to file claim on the land that had been in their families for centuries. This was then known as "free land" and is the main reason for the hatred of the Mexican for us Americans, for in their stiff-necked pride they would not bow to a law that said they must file claim on what was already theirs. Despite the fact that the records for the new government were inadequate, the proud old Dons went on as before and saw settlers come in and homestead the land they considered theirs.

Poverty, superstition, ignorance, seemed to me the heritage of the Mexican. I was a mission worker among them for the Catholic Church—for all Mexicans are Catholics whether taught or untaught. Fra Juan Ramirez, Fra Padilla, and Fra Letrada, brought to New Mexico "the true faith of St. Francis before the Pilgrim sighted Plymouth Rock." Santa Fe, the City of St. Francis, was founded in 1605. In 1541, they tell you, Father Padilla bored into the trackless wilderness with Coronado and his men. He desired to remain in *Nuevo Mexico* but in a dream he was bidden go farther into the wilderness. He did. He was the first martyr on the soil of Kansas.

THIS ALSO IS AMERICA

Santa Clara, New Mexico, November 18, 1924. I am sitting in an ancient ghostlike cliff dwelling that has been deserted through centuries. It is ill luck for one to sit alone in this sacred room which belonged to a ruler. None but the sacrilegious would sit so comfortably on the stone floor. In one corner is the "cat hole" or small opening into the next room. There are two fireplaces—one small and one large enough for ten persons to sit comfortably in.

To the west is the sacred mountain, Tescome-u-pin. Over the desert-reaches are the purpling sage clumps.

I wonder what Cabeza de Vaca and his men found here? My two guides, Manuel Obregon and Jose Sandoval, who have prudently remained in the valley awaiting me, say de Vaca found here peaceful red men, and forced them into this inaccessible community dwelling to protect themselves; that the tribes living here were in a high degree of civilization when Columbus was born.

Today, in the village, I talked to the priest—and he is as much feared here as is the prohibition officer up in my Wisconsin home. He told me of a woman who died this morning. She was the daughter of an Indian mother and a Mexican father. Despite the wealth of Christian teaching she had received, she proved heretic at the hour of her death and reverted to Indian worship. Even now they are chasing pheasants and chicken hawks around and around her remains so as to confuse the evil spirits who are pursuing her, trying to overtake her before she reaches the Happy Land, which is three days swift and light travel.

On the road to Santa Ana, New Mexico, November 22, 1924. We were leaving Francisco village for pueblo of Santa Ana—a typically all-Mexican hamlet on the west bank of the Rio Grande. Lolita Chavez, a Mexican girl, who had been educated at Walsenberg, was my companion. She was giving her life to "Mother Church,"—the name for the Catholic Church among the Spaniards—as a catechist.

"We will go over the very road Cortez did when he bored his way into this province," she said. "It is a land of magic and romance. Señorita, have you heard the tale of Louise Farrell, who lives in Pueblo of Tigara, seven miles this side of Santa Ana?"

I had not. *Poco tiempo* (In a little while) Lolita would tell me. Like all Mexicans she must not be driven. Time means nothing to her. She was driving the car, creeping slowly past the Indian villages of San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, and Toas—the oldest city in America. Lolita spoke: "It was the year of 1528, or the year of the Big Star. It is in the records of Castenada, who was historian for Coronado. He left reluctant testimony of one man, Father Louis, a Franciscan missionary, whose end only the Indians know."

She drew up to a child who walked slowly along in the semilight of the desert night and asked: "En donda va?"

"I am going to my father, Pablo Martinez, who herds sheep in Muerte Cañon," replied the child in perfect English.

She opened the car door and bade him step in. It was three miles to the cañon and I could scarce wait until the child was afoot once more that Lolita might finish her story.

"In the year 1528 two men set out from the viceregal palace in Mexico. One was Alvar Nuñez; the other, Coronado. Nuñez left records of Arizona and its inhabitants. Coronado came into New Mexico. With him was a priest named Father Louis Farrell, who had been confessor to the viceroy. Because he was not Spanish he dropped his family name and was known

as Father Louis. Castenada, the historian, says Father Louis was separated from them and clubbed to death by the Indians. But it is not so. He still lives and—"

"Lolita, he would be one hundred and ninety six years old!"

"She is that age," answered Lolita.

"She?" I asked incredulous.

"Let me tell you, señorita. He was a man then. Since he was bewitched he is a woman. It is true the Indians clubbed him because he tried to force them to build churches, and read a book, and wash their faces. They left him for dead. But he was not dead enough for the gravedigger nor yet for Masses. His heart still beat. Soon he opened his eyes to see the wavering lines of heat across the trackless waste of desert sands. Bright-hued lizards glided silently around yucca and sage. They were seeking shelter from the burning rays of the sun. It was a dreary outlook—a wild land, filled with hot still air, and a miserable growth of stunted shrubs and scattered bunch grass, which from the sun's intensity was a dull, burnt brown. The good Father was sorely tried. He prayed, and prayed, and prayed. All day and all night he was as devout as man could be. But others were also praying to heaven for favors, and the good Padre was nearly dead, so just ten seconds before God was about to send His angels to deliver him the Padre called upon the devil, who responded promptly. He came with two fleet horses, assisted the Padre to mount and they galloped away. The Spanish archives do not show it, señorita, but it is true. It is in the Unforgotten Unwritten Records, with but scant record left from the pen of Castenada.

"After two days travel the devil and Father Louis came to Pueblo of Tigara, which had its six identical houses then as now. The Padre was now a woman, Louisa Farrell. All her life, which will be the life of the entire world, she will live in Tigara, a witch, causing mice, eagles, and toads to grow in your stomach if you displease her. She is the devil's aid-de-camp. Yes, we turn here, señorita, so as not to pass her home. Yes, it is a longer way I am taking you, some twelve miles additional, but safer, as she does not favor anyone who works for Mother Church. *Quien sabe?*"

The dove church in Santa Ana village has a huge bell in its tower. I stood in the graveyard that surrounds the church as the angelus rang. When the sexton came down I remarked on its beautiful tones. In Spanish he told me: "Centuries ago an erring man, a marauder of the hill tribes, carried away the bells from our church tower. He embarked in a boat on the

Little Pecos River. A storm arose and the sacrilegious man was drowned. The boat with the bell came to shore. To commemorate this act of retributive justice, the bell rings of its own volition each anniversary at midnight." Legends with similar finals are prevalent all through New Mexico.

As I stood there among the leaning and fallen headstones, twilight came with its primrose afterglow. The purple mountains were veiled in lavender mists. Through the juniper hills came the night wind scented with sage. The moon came out, sickles shaped. A shooting star dropped. A lone woman walked the length of the village street. Men, women and children went indoors quickly, for Mexicans, and drew the shutters. Then I knew. She was a witch. Later I learned it was Louisa Farrell, who comes often of a night to pray in the church she exchanged for the devil.

San Felipe, New Mexico, November 24, 1924. The breeze has a chill in it and the brown clumps of sage are shriveled. This is an isolated village, shut in by mountains that reach the clouds. The villagers have little interest in the indefinite world beyond the purple-topped mountain. The padrone of the village is Vincente Chavez, who rides home each night with his weight in one stirrup and the other foot swinging free, as is the nonchalant way of seasoned riders who would ease their muscles. Vincente has flocks in the hills, herds on the ranges, and vast orchards in his dooryard, which lies between the river and the hills. The white sands of the desert spill into his corrals. He was educated at San Miguel, and afterwards at Georgetown, finishing with an agricultural course at the University of Colorado. He is anathema, and scorns God, church, and priest. He gave up his religion for little Ann Bailey, a northern girl who taught at Isleta. When he repeated these words after her: "I love you more than God. My soul is yours," she laughed at him. He turned to his ranch lands then and made good.

Whatever the cause of his industry, he is the "workingest" Mexican I have ever seen.

There is a church in San Felipe, attended by Padre Montoya, from the mission. Vincent Chavez, the apostate, cares not for Padre Montoya nor yet for the souls of his hirelings. When Pablo Anallo was dying but last month, and pleaded piteously for the priest, Vincente refused to let one of his horses out to summon the padre. *Madre de Dios!*

He is coming down the trail now in the magic light which the sun leaves behind in New Mexico, translucent, opal-tinted, with the far hills enveloped in purple hazes. Away in the distance can be heard the blating of the sheep.

A land of enchantment. America? No, no, no. A bit of old Spain picked up three centuries ago and set down here in the wilderness of New Mexico, with a man like a centaur riding toward me, two guns at his belt—(in case the cattle should stampede)—a flannel shirt, high leather boots, and *no spurs*. Vincente loves a horse. Beneath his wide-spreading sombrero is a strong, handsome face. He is the Big Boss, the Señor Vincente—friend, guard, counselor. He has a strong hand to punish and a gentle hand also in his kindnesses. He has many friends who would like the privilege of dying for him. Also he has many enemies who would immensely enjoy the privilege of helping him die. He will not allow a bird to be shot on his holdings—sixteen thousand acres, the abstract dating back to the original grants from Mexico, and quit-claimed by Congress to his grandfather Chavez.

Down in the valley is a cliff city of the dead, scarce four miles from San Felipe, where men and women danced around the Maypole before Julius Caesar was born. We passed it coming to the hacienda of Santiago Romero, maternal grandfather of Vincente Chavez. The Romero casa was built in the days when every house was a fort. Its cobbled dooryard is worn smooth by the horses that passed in and out a hundred years back. Old Santiago is a churchman. There is a chapel on his acres. I was surprised to see Vincente, the known heretic, kneel and bless himself. When his grandfather said: "Niño, dice la Litanía"—("Child, say the Litanía")—Vincente led off like one accustomed to it. I afterward learned this was because he would not openly spread scandal among the superstitious ones.

St. Patrick

NANCY BUCKLEY

Dear Saint, whose love was God's alone,
I vision you near Glory's Throne;
As incense sweet, my prayers ascend;
Oh, gracious be and pity lend!

Your sons are just as leal today
As when, in former twilight gray,
You held aloft the shamrock green
And taught the lessons in it seen.

From your beloved land so fair
They still go forth to do and dare,
And "All for Christ!" their battle cry
Rings out 'neath many a foreign sky.

Dear Saint of God, St. Patrick blest,
Keep brave the heart within my breast;
Keep white my hands until the end;
Oh, gracious be and pity lend!

The Death of St. Benedict*

DOM LOUIS BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

OF all the conflicts that comprise the revolutions of nature, there is none more incompatible than the conflict between life and death. God, in His goodness, is the Author of life, whilst death is the fruit of the demon's evil nature, which is sin. From the beginning of the world until its end these two enemies will continue their battles. "This world," says St. John Chrysostom, "is the theatre of their struggle and man is the most illustrious subject of their discord." However, one would say that God, who took pleasure in uniting entirely different things for the harmonization of the world, made a firm peace between life and death; He united these two irreconcilable combatants, and to let them arise at the same time, in the same tie. It was in the field of Damos that life came forth into Adam by the sacred breath of God, and it was in the same spot that Cain assassinated his brother and caused death. Thus the same locality was the birthplace of the first life and the first death.

There is nothing more certain than death, but there is also nothing more uncertain than the time and manner of death. The experience of men of all ages does not permit us to doubt of our death. There are so many divers ways in which death knocks at life's door that it is really impossible to know the time and manner of its arrival.

It is difficult to say whether we ought to rejoice or to be sad because our death is hidden from us. We are also left to discriminate if this complete obscurity is the effect of God's anger, or if it is a great favor received from Him. For instance, if the sinners were aware of the time of their death, they would certainly employ a large part of their life in amusing themselves, thus we can assume that God has no other reason in this uncertainty than to keep

them fearful and fervent, deeming each day their last. We also plainly see that it is God's manifest goodness to make known to saints the time of their dissolution, that happy moment which will separate them from the miseries of this earth and unite them to Himself in everlasting bliss. God gave this grace to many of His choicest friends; in one hand He showed them the sword, in the other, the crown, the great stimulant to victory. Volumes are filled with such examples, but we shall content ourselves in quoting our beloved St. Gregory the Great.

"The same year that he was to disappear from this life." The deaths of saints are precious in the sight of God and man. If their holy lives teach men to live well, their departures from life are incentives to die well. One is just as important as the other. The Holy Ghost rules all the actions of these great men so as to make them the models of holiness that we are to imitate. The Holy Ghost also rules all the circumstances of their death, so that we may die likewise.

After we have carefully examined the life of our Holy Patriarch, weighed his actions and considered his miracles, we find we have therein considerable instruction to regulate our life. We find in that life in what holiness consists, as well as the obligations of a monastic life, likewise, a careful study of the circumstances pertaining to his death affords us a good lesson for a happy death. All Benedictine chroniclers and ecclesiastical historians have sought to ascertain the year, the month, the day and the hour of this memorable departure. From this research work as many as twelve opinions arose. We shall not task the reader's patience by following these diverse opinions to their fountain heads, as that would be without the scope of this article. The general result arrived at, however, is that the saint died in the year



(Deschwanden)

ST. MAUR—ST. BENEDICT—ST. PLACID

* Based on words taken from the Dialogues of St. Gregory, the Great, Book II, Chapter XXXVII.

543, the twenty-first day of March, the eve of Easter, at three o'clock in the morning. As for the year, we have the following facts to reassure us: When Saint Benedict lived, Totila was King of the Goths, since he visited Saint Benedict at Monte Cassino, where the saint predicted his successes and the time of his death. Procopius, who wrote with such exactness of the wars of the Goths, assures us that Totila did not receive the crown before the year 542 to show that the Holy Patriarch did not pass the year 543. Saints Maurus and Placidus were presented to him in 522. St. Maurus lived for twenty years with St. Benedict, according to St. Faustus, his brother-member and historian. Saint Maurus was sent to France in 542 or January, 543, and Saint Benedict died shortly after. (Also according to St. Faustus). We can also reason thus: The death of St. Maurus occurred in 584, forty-one years after his departure from Monte Cassino, according to his history.

Now as to the day. We have but to follow St. Faustus: "St. Maurus told St. Roman that our beloved and happy father, St. Benedict, would tomorrow leave this land of sorrows for an everlasting happy one. The two passed the night, (that is, from Friday to Saturday, the eve of Easter) praying and chanting psalms. Shortly after, the third hour of this holy day, St. Maurus saw St. Benedict leaving for his happy home—Heaven." This fact alone proves the exact day and hour of this happy death which happened in the sixty-third year of his age. Another noted author remarks that the Mother of God, St. Bernard, and many other saints also died during their grand climacterical year.

"He told his disciples the day of his holy death." God had previously revealed to St. Benedict the day and the hour of his death so as to lessen his sorrows due to separation from Him, and to make him desire heaven more ardently if possible. However, this kind father hid this fact from his children that they might not anticipate the sorrow they were soon to bear. He knew their love and attachment for him and as he loved them tenderly all their sorrows were keenly felt by him. He thus delayed in giving them the precious news until the departure of St. Maurus and his companions for France. Faustus, who was one the missionaries says that this holy father knew by the revelation of the Holy Ghost that his end was near even before the Bishop of Mans, St. Innocent, had requested his monks and that the holy Patriarch unveiled the secret as soon as he decided to give St. Maurus to the French; which was about three or four months before his death.

"Six days before his death he commanded that they open his tomb." His sepulchre had been prepared a long time before his death, and

every day he paid a visit to it with a feeling of joy at his approaching dissolution. Only a month before he had had the sepulchre opened to deposit therein the body of St. Scholastica, his sister; on Palm Sunday, which occurred on the fifteenth of March that year, they reopened the sepulchre and six days later St. Benedict himself was carried to his final resting place. The triumph of Jesus Christ, which the church celebrates on Palm Sunday with so much pomp and exaltation inspired him with the thought of opening his sepulchre. He knew that he would triumph over death and that his sepulchre would be the field of his combat and the reward of victory. We can meditate that it was also an honor and a consolation to suffer the painful death agony during the week the church has destined to compassionate with the sufferings and death of her Spouse.

The great saint, who makes it a point of the Rule ever to have death before our eyes, practiced himself that which he had so fervently preached. It was for this purpose he had made his sepulchre, which, ever present to his eyes, was a constant reminder of death.

"St. Benedict ordered his disciples to carry him into the Church" to receive the Adorable Body and Blood of Christ in Viaticum as a last proof of his great veneration for the Blessed Sacrament. He wished to die at the foot of the altar a victim in union with the Divine Redeemer. He also desired to be carried by his religious children to teach them not to fear death, which has nothing repulsive to those who live a holy life. He found the strength of soul necessary for the final combat in Holy Communion.

This Divine Sacrament is a source of strength, nourishing us with the meat of generosity. This heavenly food imparts force and courage in proportion to the dispositions of him who communicates. We can easily judge how strong and beautiful the soul of our holy Father St. Benedict was to go forth on the path of Eternity.

St. Maurus, commenting to St. Roman on the approaching death of their admirable abbot, said: "We must rejoice rather than weep for he will be a powerful advocate in our cause. He will be more efficacious before God in our behalf than if he were to remain on earth." In saying these words, St. Maurus could not keep back his tears. (St. Gregory's quotations always). "He stood up and raising his hands towards heaven, rendered his spirit while praying." "It is great and admirable," says a profane writer, "to die without sorrow or fear, in peace and contentment—*Magna res est aequo animo abire.*" Is there a sight more beautiful, a prodigy more striking than to die with joy! It is thus that St. Benedict died. He chose the

place of his death; left his bed and room, made his way to the church, helped by his children. There he received his Saviour and died before the altar where he sacrificed himself as a pure and sacred host. He died standing to teach us that he was triumphing over death and leaving his body, which had no grasp on him. He remained in the hands of his children that they might present him to God as the dearest treasure they had in the world. To die thus is marvelous—"in morte mirabilia operatus est."

This same day two monks, who, St. Gregory remarks, were considerably distant one from the other, had a similar revelation. Dom Millet and others of our writers, say that one was St. Maurus, who was in France in the Monastery of St. Roman. From the history of St. Maurus, by Faustus, we infer that there was a third party concerned. This author says: "After the third hour of this holy night, St. Maurus being in church in prayer, awaiting the death of his holy father, and having prostrated himself on the pavement, was ravished and suddenly carried to Monte Cassino, from where we had started. He saw a path which, lighted by an infinite number of lamps, started from St. Benedict's cell, passed through the Orient and terminated in heaven. Two other monks of our Community had the same vision."

This vision of the triumph of St. Benedict, which two or three monks had simultaneously, notwithstanding the distance which separated them, proves St. Augustine's doctrine that the souls of the saints appear in different localities at the same time.

"It is the way by which Benedict, the Beloved, went to heaven." The venerable personage who was clad in a brilliant robe, and who assured the monks that the path so richly carpeted and illuminated had been prepared for the triumphant entry of St. Benedict in heaven, was an angel. These spirits are often called "men" in scripture when they are thus personified, and become visible. The three angels who appeared to Abraham are called men, similarly the one who fought with Jacob and the two who appeared to the apostles when Jesus Christ ascended to heaven are referred to as "men." In like manner Aimoinus of Fleury says that the venerable man who spoke to these monks was an angelic spirit. The same author says "we must not be astonished if St. Benedict was received in heaven with such pomp and glory since, even during his life, he performed so many miracles that had not a writer as venerated and authorized as Pope St. Gregory related them, we would have had difficulty to believe. In an eloquent sermon on our holy patriarch, he adds, "The triumph of our saint and his elevation in heaven are more glorious than that

of the Prophet Elias because the prophet was ravished in ecstasy, then taken up, but St. Benedict went up to heaven by himself. Furthermore, Elias was carried in certain regions of the air and so placed to await in peace the end of the world, while St. Benedict went to heaven never to come forth again."

St. Bernard, giving a moral explanation of this "path and magnificent triumph," says, "This saint, in whom is the fullness of the spirit of the just and the blessings of God, has erected for us a spiritual ladder whose extremity touches heaven. This was attested by a miracle at his glorious death, for what is this path that starts at his cell, but the Order that he founded, and the mode of life that he himself first lived. It is on this path that the divine man trod his way to heaven, for he never preached but that which he first practiced. This has been the greatest source of hope for those who desire to walk in his footsteps, to follow such a holy Master. There is no scope to contest that this mode of life is inspired by the Holy Ghost, and not a result of human prudence, since St. Benedict in living it, merited such sanctity during this life and so much glory in heaven.

Is it not a happiness and an honor for us, that we have in our holy Rule a traced path, an elevated ladder, by which we can easily reach heaven after our holy Patriarch? Let us remember what St. John Climacus said to a recluse: "Let us ascend with courage and joy this spiritual and celestial ladder, whose beginning is a general renunciation to all things of earth, and whose terminus is the God of Love. Ascend, my brothers, ascend, my sisters, by the elevation of your heart and remember Him who said, 'Come, let us go to the mountains of the Lord, and go unto the house of our God.' If we faithfully follow our admirable Father by keeping the Rule that he gave us to observe, we shall undoubtedly reach the destiny which is his, and we shall surely increase his glory." It is a pious and comforting opinion, says St. Odo of Cluny, that each saint will appear on Judgment Day surrounded and embellished by the souls to whose salvation he contributed."

"St. Benedict was buried in the Oratory of St. John the Baptist." The original monastery of Monte Cassino, which contains the oratory, now under the main altar of the Basilica, formerly outside of the monastery, has undergone many changes. The windows of the chapel face the east. We descend by means of two stairs where, at the foot of the steps, there are three altars: the central one of which is over the sepulchre of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. This precious tomb is supported by two marble
(Continued on page 505)

Holy Week in Jerusalem

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

THE annual celebrations of the great week in Jerusalem commence with the solemn entry of the Patriarch into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the eve of Palm Sunday. He is accompanied by his chapter in their purple robes and his seminarists in cassock and surplice. They proceed through the narrow streets from the Palace to the great Sanctuary. There he is received by the Franciscan Fathers and their Choir and is conducted to the throne and their Choir and is conducted to the throne opposite the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre. The clergy approach him in due order to kiss his ring. Then there is the procession to the different altars which mark special events or relics of Good Friday or Easter day. This procession is a daily event, but on great occasions such as this it is more elaborate.

The palms to be blessed are placed into the Holy Sepulchre. Early in the morning one meets children carrying large branches to which are tied olive twigs and flowers by means of gaily colored ribbons, for the people of Palestine like bright colors. The Procession of the Palms moves round the Holy Sepulchre, and whilst it turns to the stone of the anointing, close to Calvary, some lay brothers deftly erect an altar in front of the Holy Sepulchre, at which the Patriarch celebrates Pontifical Mass.

Tenebrae on the days of the great triduum of Holy Week commences early in the afternoon. The Patriarch occupies again the throne facing the Holy Sepulchre, and the clergy, both secular and regular, the seminarists and choir boys sit choirwise on benches at his right and left. Everything is sung, some parts to very elaborately harmonized music.

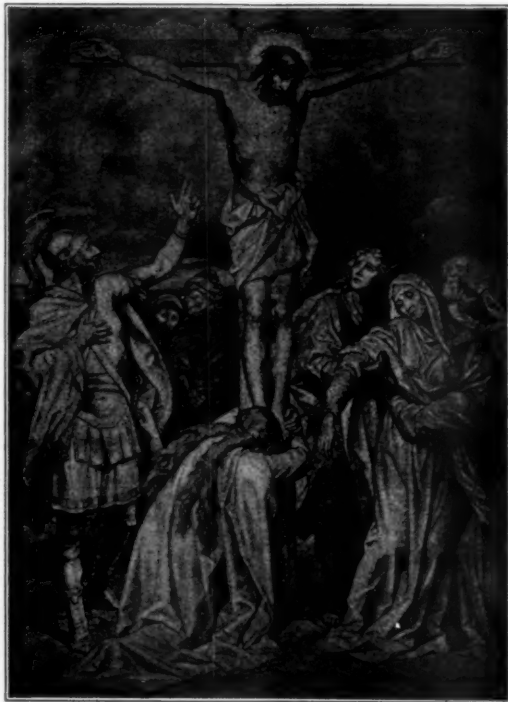
The High Mass on Maundy Thursday, with the blessing of the Holy Oils and with numer-

ous Holy Communion, also takes place before the Holy Sepulchre. The procession with the Blessed Sacrament takes the same route as the Palm Sunday procession; and in the meantime the Altar is removed from the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre. This most holy place is used for the preservation of the Sacred Host, which is to be used for the Mass of the Presanctified next day. The "holy sepulchres" in our churches, as the "altars of repose" are sometimes styled, are, therefore, a substitute for the Holy Sepulchre place in Jerusalem.

From Thursday to Friday morning no other dominations are permitted to hold public services there; the doors remain nearly always locked and only immediately before or after the Catholic services is it possible to get in or out.

OTHER SACRED PLACES OF THE PASSION

Towards evening on Maundy Thursday many people visit the now desecrated chapel which occupies the site of the room of the Last Supper and the German Catholic Church of Our Lady's Dormitio, which at present serves as a kind of substitute for the Cenacle. Then the pilgrims descend to the valley of Josaphat by the same route which Jesus took after the Last Supper, when he went across the brook Cedron to get to the garden of Gethsemane at the foot of the Mount of Olives. The farm belonged to the owner of the Supper room and therefore Judas knew that the master would be there over night. One passes the tremendously high South and East walls of the Temple area, which on these two sides formed also the impregnable city wall. Before they were buried half way up in rubbish, they must have towered in some places nearly three hundred feet above the rocky slopes. Nearly the whole structure dates back to Solomon, as is proved by some masonic



(Hoffmann)

TWELFTH STATION—THE CRUCIFIXION

ne at the foot of the Mount of Olives. The farm belonged to the owner of the Supper room and therefore Judas knew that the master would be there over night. One passes the tremendously high South and East walls of the Temple area, which on these two sides formed also the impregnable city wall. Before they were buried half way up in rubbish, they must have towered in some places nearly three hundred feet above the rocky slopes. Nearly the whole structure dates back to Solomon, as is proved by some masonic

marks. Some of the stones are six feet long and four feet high and one marvels how the workmen at that date were able to move them into position.

The valley of the Cedron, too, has been raised by the debris and its watercourse has been moved more towards the Mount of Olives. The spot, therefore, where Our Lord crossed, is buried far below. A new Church, consecrated only last Trinity Sunday, greets us on our approach towards Mount Olivet. It stands in the garden of Gethsemane, on the foundation of two previous ones, which were successively destroyed. The garden was lit by many candles and we passed under the ancient olive trees into the unfinished church. Before the high altar there is a piece of bare, unpolished rock, some ten feet wide and six feet broad, which was never covered by an artificial floor. This is the traditional spot of the agony, sanctified by the drops of Our Saviour's Blood. We joined the American pilgrims, who knelt round it and recited the sorrowful mysteries of the rosary. What a suitable place for an evening devotion on Maundy Thursday.

The servants of the high priests dragged the betrayed and captured Saviour back to Mount Sion by the same route by which He had come. The site of the house of Annas, which is close to the Supper room, is now occupied by an Armenian monastery. The site of the palace and official residence of the acting high priest, Caiphas, is a little distance lower down on the slope towards the pool of Siloa. It was known to the mediaeval pilgrims as the Church of the "Gallicantus," or "Cockerow," for here stood a church dedicated to the penitent Saint Peter. The French Assumptionist Fathers, who have secured the property, have excavated the ruins, and they have found parts of the mosaic floor of the church, and underneath, a number of caves which had been unmistakably used by the Jewish Great Council as prisons. In one of them Our Blessed Lord spent the night from Thursday to Friday, tormented all the time by the servants of the Council who had charge of Him. Close by was also the courtyard, where Peter denied his Master, and from which he went out tearfully.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS IN JERUSALEM

The solemn functions on Good Friday morning naturally are celebrated in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the veneration of the Cross in the Chapel of Calvary, as was the case some 1400 years ago.

Every Friday afternoon the devotion of the Way of the Cross takes place through the streets of Jerusalem. But on Good Friday the number of the faithful who take part in it is much larger; also, in place of the usual short

meditations in Italian, there are at each station short sermons in different languages addressed to the different groups of worshippers.

AT THE FIRST STATION

The faithful meet in the court of the barracks, which stand on the site of the old castle Antonia where Pilate resided on the first Good Friday. There is no chapel or religious emblem in the yard. The second Station is in the street outside the Sanctuary of the Flagellation; a simple iron cross let into the wall marks the Station. The original road is buried nearly twenty feet below the present one; for when the houses were repeatedly destroyed the debris remained lying about, the new houses were built on the top of the ruins, and the road was levelled up accordingly. Moving from the second to the third Station one passes the beautiful chapel of the "Ecce Homo," built by the Jewish convert, Father Ratisbon. On an ancient arch remaining behind the high altar there is the platform from which Pilate showed to the people the thorn-crowned Saviour, so as to move them to pity. On the same spot there stands now a life-size white marble figure crowned with thorns, holding a reed in its hands. The procession does not enter here but passes down to the valley which runs between the Temple and the upper town. The third Station is at the corner where the road turns to the left and is merely marked on the wall. Close by is the fourth Station, just outside the Catholic Armenian Church of Our Lady of Sorrows. In the crypt is shown the spot where Our Lady, coming with Saint John and the holy women from the Supper room or Cenacle met her Divine Son. Presently the road turns to the right and we are on the steep ascent which leads to Calvary. As here, too, the original level of the road lies much deeper than the present one, the climb was formerly much more arduous. At the corner a small chapel marks the fifth station, the place where the soldiers took hold of Simon of Cyrene just returning from the field, and made him carry the cross behind our Saviour. Climbing up the steep path, we come to the little chapel of Veronica, the sixth Station. Still higher up is that of the second fall, the seventh Station, and then the place where the women of Jerusalem met Our Lord, the eighth Station. The approach to the ninth Station is rather by a roundabout way, as the original road is built over. It is in the courtyard of the schismatic Copts, who last Lent in their fanaticism attacked the procession and wounded a Sister seriously by throwing a heavy stone.

The last five Stations are in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Stations ten and eleven are at the Catholic altar on the right-hand side

of the Calvary Chapel. The twelfth is at the Greek altar at the left. Under the altar is an opening through which one can pass the hand and touch the sides of the hole in the rock in which the holy Cross was fixed on Good Friday. Needless to say that the pilgrims are anxious to touch this most sacred spot with their fingers and also with small objects of devotion, which thereby become indulgenced. The Catholic altar of Our Sorrowful Lady, the thirteenth Station, is also in this chapel and stands in the middle between the two others. The last Station is of course the Holy Sepulchre itself.

In the evening there is a procession round the church to the sanctuaries, at each of which there is a sermon in a different language. The service finishes with the favorite popular devotion of "Our Lord's funeral." The figure of Christ on the crucifix used for this procession has movable arms. At the end the nails are pulled out, and the arms fall down along the body, and the figure is carried to the Holy Sepulchre for entombment.

On one Good Friday I saw this ceremony performed still more realistically at Jaffa. After *Tenebrae* followed a very long sermon in Arabic and lengthy Stations, the figure of the dead Saviour was carried as in a funeral procession through the cloisters into the street and back into the church. The priests wore black vestments, the people all burning candles, the choir sang the "Miserere." In the church the figure was put on trestles and incensed, whereupon the crowd pressed from all sides to kiss it. The clergy were simply pushed aside and had to retire to the sacristy. Arabic Lenten hymns were chanted all the time. A favorite devotion seems to be to crawl through between the trestles under the figure. The whole function lasted nearly four hours, but, to judge from the sound of the hymns, the people were not yet tired. How popular this function is appears from the fact that many Greek and Maronite Catholics were present, who would not come to a Latin Mass, and even a number of non-Catholics took part in this very touching rite.

Sound Bodies for Sound Catholics

CREDO

GOOD health!

No better words than these can be found to describe the magic key to most of man's happiness.

A sound body is undoubtedly the greatest temporal blessing life can bestow; a blessing, however, that very few of us realize without some distressing interruptions. Tens of thousands of physicians, trading in their old cars for new each year, buying Russian sables for

their wives, and sending their daughters to finishing schools abroad, would indicate that the ills of us mortals are multitudinous. Sickness is as common as the ground upon which we tread.

Yet, even in sickness we Catholics are favored, fortunate not only because we may turn our physical ailments into spiritual riches, but because our chances for recovery are generally better than are those of the stricken who are not of our faith. This belief became a firm conviction with me in the light of recent events.

We were riding in the smoker of a south-bound train. Conversation turned to certain miracles at Lourdes about which the newspapers of the day were carrying big stories. The scoffers immediately had their say.

"The idea," they sneered, "that any in this modern era believes in miracles is absurd. Either the doctors at Lourdes are humbugs or the patients hoodwinked them. Miracles of faith, bah! impossible!"

It was useless to argue with them. I was too near my destination. While the porter made the customary pretense at brushing and preparing my luggage, my thoughts wandered to three of my experiences.

Four years ago as a newspaper reporter I was assigned to "cover" a clinic at a big eastern hospital. One of the greatest abdominal surgeons in the world was to perform sixteen major operations.

With a hundred or more doctors and nurses I donned a white frock and mask and took my place in the little stands around the surgical room. Patient after patient was wheeled in, operated upon by the surgeon, passed on to one of his assistants for sewing up, and wheeled out. Finally there came a woman. Her scapulars had not been removed. The surgeon noticed them.

"This patient," he said, reading the diagnosis, "is in bad shape but has a good chance to recover. I judge she has the faith. We surgeons, you know, get a lot of credit but ninety-five per cent of it belongs to God and the faith patients put in Him. I've seen hundreds of miracles worked by faith where we were positive the patient had absolutely no chance, and I've seen many very simple cases prove fatal because the patient gave up hope."

That, coming from a man who professed no particular religion and who was addressing many non-Catholics, left a lasting impression.

A year ago, stricken with paralysis, which had its inception in an army accident, I went to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., for diagnosis and treatment. Surgeons, operating at the base of the brain and along the spine, noted the nervous system was deranged and

most of them agreed I'd never walk or lift my arm again.

Just before leaving, one of my nurses asked one of the surgeons if I had absolutely no chance to come back.

"Your patient is a Catholic isn't he?" the doctor asked.

"Yes."

"Well, similar cases we've had never recovered, but,—none of them were Catholics. I think Catholics are different. Where others give up belief in recovery and die, they keep up their courage or something and get better."

On my way home I stopped at another hospital. Next room to mine there was a priest who had just returned from Chicago where he had been undergoing radium treatments. Physicians said his case was hopeless. Cancer had destroyed parts of the roots of his tongue and had eaten so far down his throat an operation was impossible.

"It looks as if I'm done for," he said, "but somehow I believe God has further use for me and can fix me up if He so wills."

Two months ago I met the same priest in Washington. Not a trace of the malignancy could the physicians who had given him up, find anywhere. The organs which had been destroyed, were, as far as they could determine, fully restored. The priest was enjoying perfect health.

And, for the surgeons back at the Mayo Clinic, I have a little news. The arm they shook their heads about is coming back, and the legs, upon which they thought I'd never again stand, are now carrying me around quite well.

Being an invalid at best is no enjoyable experience. But being a Catholic as well as an invalid, often has its advantages.

Fear of Disease

Indiana State Medical Association

AN ungrounded fear of disease or devastating epidemics exists among many people. In early times, before the causes of epidemic diseases became known, ancient people ascribed disease to the work of demons or evil spirits.

It is not surprising that the ancients were terrified by epidemic diseases, because practically nothing was known of their cause, or of the means by which they were spread. Even within the memory of those now living, a few cases of plague, cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, or typhus fever have produced near panics and frequently paralyzed local commerce for a period.

Vaccination will prevent smallpox, and pre-

ventives have been discovered for many other epidemic diseases.

Bubonic plague is a disease of rats and is transferred to man by fleas which infested the diseased rodents. Hence bubonic plague is comparatively easy to control.

Yellow fever at one time created panics in our southern states and paralyzed industry and commerce until the first frost put an end to the fever. It is now known that one special kind of mosquito (*Stegomyia*) spreads yellow fever and that if there are no yellow fever mosquitoes there will be no yellow fever. Illustrating the view of the medical profession as to the influence of the mosquito called the *Stegomyia* in producing yellow fever, an interesting story is told by an Indiana physician who several years ago was attending an international medical meeting in the City of Panama. There were several cases of yellow fever in the quarantine hospital near the City of Panama at that time. During the meeting a group of physicians was sitting on the porch of one of the principal hotels and among them was a young medical officer of the United States Army. He suddenly slapped the back of his hand and killed a mosquito and exclaimed, "I wonder if that was a *Stegomyia*." It was, and he died of yellow fever in a few days.

Typhus fever is carried from one person to another by the body louse. People who are cleanly, and do not harbor these parasites, have nothing to fear from typhus fever.

Asiatic cholera is contracted exactly as typhoid fever, by taking into the mouth contaminated food or water. If the local health department, with public support, compels the city to provide pure water and pasteurized milk, the only source of infection left would be carriers who might contaminate food. All individuals who handle food for public use should have periodical physical examinations to protect the public from disease carriers. Vaccination is another measure of protection against typhoid fever which was found to be very valuable during the World War. This is usually an absolute preventive if given every seven years. The value of hygienic measures in the prevention of disease and deaths was well shown in the Russo-Japan War. Although the Japanese had more men in the field, they had 70,000 deaths from sickness and wounds while the Russians had 352,112 deaths. This one to five ratio of deaths was mostly due to the superior hygienic measures of the Japanese.

Diphtheria can be prevented by the use of toxin-antitoxin and children that are susceptible to that disease should be protected.

Tuberculosis will be rapidly curtailed when the public generally adopts the annual physical

examination idea. This will insure early diagnosis and proper treatment before the disease progresses to the more contagious advanced stages.

The insidious heart, artery and kidney diseases, which cause such a large percentage of deaths in middle age, would be greatly reduced if detected in the early stages by the annual bodily inventory and corrective measures adopted.

Probably the most unreasonable and groundless fear of all is the fear of leprosy, a fear that dates back to Biblical days when the leper was shunned by his fellow men. Today it is known that leprosy is less contagious than tuberculosis, but the ancient dread of leprosy still lingers and is responsible for this unreasonable fear. The United States Public Health Service quarantines against plague, typhus fever, yellow fever, cholera, leprosy, and other contagious disease in all our ports.

It is readily seen, therefore, that the people of the United States are reasonably well protected against many important epidemic diseases. There would be less fear on the part of the public generally if these national safeguards erected against epidemic disease were better understood. Of course, vigilance must never be relaxed. If the public understood modern methods of disease control, an occasional case of one or another of these disease would not create a panic or throw a community into a frenzy with the resultant paralysis of business. In fact this is already beginning to be so. With adequate protective measures, there is little to fear from these diseases.

St. Paschal teaches us never to let a day pass without visiting Jesus in the narrow chamber where He, Whom heaven itself cannot contain, abides day and night for our sake.

The Death of St. Benedict

(Continued from page 500)

columns and illumined by fifteen lamps, burning day and night, representing the fifteen Congregations of the Confederation of Black Benedictines. It bears this inscription on a marble table: "The sepulchre of St. Benedict and of the Holy Virgin, St. Scholastica, his sister. The interment did not separate the bodies of two persons whose spirit was one in God."

Timely Observations

(Continued from page 485)

One's Attitude Toward non-Catholics

Some excellent discussion has been going on of late as to the Catholic's attitude toward his separated broth-

er. It has been opportunely said that many of us have to change our attitude especially if it has in it anything of distrust or hostility. Charity is always above all else. As Bishop Kelley of Oklahoma puts it so well in his pastoral: "The keynote of all our missionary efforts under this plan must be insisted upon. It is kindness. We must not answer abuse with abuse, nor railing with railing. That method is not Catholic because it is not Christian. Our separated brethren have been grossly deceived by men who benefit by making deception profitable. Non-Catholics have heard one side of the story and that presented with bitterness and by falsehood. The sublime virtue of patriotism has been used to make the deception all the greater. No wonder that many have fallen into the error of misjudging us. We must not hold this against sincere men and women. There must be no attempt at even the slightest reprisals in business or social life. There must be an end to the saying of harsh things. One remedy only may be effectually employed and that is the Charity of Christ, not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of His truth."

Charity, however, will beget a desire for their good and their salvation. This desire means zeal, and zeal, if lively, will show itself in prudent acts. Among these acts, surely prayer and good example stand out as the chief instruments in the apostolate. Then, among other manifestations of zeal, comes the word, spoken in all charity, whether it be an answer to a question, an explanation to one in doubt, or a brotherly exhortation made prudently on occasion where one may have hopes of its being taken well. Here it is frequently the layman who has more opportunity than the priest. How many conversions have resulted from the zeal of Catholic laymen. Yet, to speak intelligently, one must know; and to know, one must hear instruction and read much on Catholic doctrine.

My Thoughts Run On

LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY

Like leaves before the wind my thoughts run on;
Fluttering, whirling, drifting, my thoughts run on.

I watch the vagrant wind whirl swift and wide
Torn leaves, dishonored from their vernal pride;
Death rattles in their tread, frail ghosts of June;
With swirling dance they chant their last, mad tune.

The wind of memory drives, with sharpened spur,
My thoughts from lurking crypt. Pain-racked, they stir,
Reviving wrongs of old, with ruthless goad;
Lost hopes, like withered leaves on wind-beat road.

At nightfall hushed is the wind's wild sweep,
To sheltering hollows the dry leaves creep,
And now sifts down on the huddled heap.

Shines a friendly star at storm's surcease,
A miracle's wrought of blest release,
Sleep blankets my soul with cloud of peace.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Radio broadcasting for 1925 will be along three lines. First, super-power stations, using ten times the power so far allowed, have been authorized for experimental purposes. This means that a simpler receiving set may be used at a distance. Secondly, high power on short waves promises long-distance reception, without local interference. Thirdly, the inter-connection of existing broadcasting stations by land-line telephone, so successful in the past year for several nation-wide programs, will be more often used.

—Did the Christian religion come to America a thousand years before Columbus? Mgr. K. M. Kaufmann says 'yes.' He is a learned German archeologist, who draws his conclusion from a study of the stone crosses, crosslike ornaments, etc., remaining from pre-Columbian Mexico and South America. He has promised a more detailed study in the near future.

—A novelty in radio broadcasting is the alarm clock. A small alarm clock turns on the receiving switch, and the loudspeaker dins into the sleeper's ear signals from the big alarm clock in Newark, N. J.

—A new era in railroads is promised by a new type of electric locomotive. Electric power is transmitted most economically at high voltages. This change from the high to the low voltage is effected by transformers, usually located in special stations along the track. The present electric locomotives are limited to the character of the voltage from such transformer stations. The new locomotive carries its own transformer and is thus able to adapt the voltage to its own special needs.

—A mother's milk must at times seek a substitute. A new substitute is announced from Hawaii,—the pulp and water of a young coconut. This has been long used by the natives of Hawaii for weaning their babies. Only recently, however, has chemical analysis shown the similarity of food value in a mother's milk and the coconut product.

—Imagine on one side an open furnace fired by oil burners, and on the other side the audience in a theatre. Would a panic result? Not if the fire curtain recently tested by the Bureau of Standards be interposed. This curtain is really two curtains of asbestos, with a metal frame work between, and reinforced with fine chromium-nickel wires.

—A portable X-ray outfit will now enable a contractor to locate hidden plumbing in a building.

—Measuring heat from the stars may appear to be a delicate proceeding, but science has gone still farther. Last summer extensive measurements were made of the heat on the different portions of the planet Venus. The dark side of the planet was found to be very warm.

—Lime plaster requires air to set well. For this reason, an oil paint on fresh lime plaster tends to leave the plaster soft. The Bureau of Standards has confirmed this by a series of tests.

—Will the nut made in any country fit the corresponding bolt made in any other country? Not at present. But steps have been taken to standardize for the entire world.

—Three lepers were recently discharged from the National Leprosarium at Carville, La., as 'having no manifestations of the disease.' This means practically that the much-heralded cure for leprosy appears to be possible.

—The time signals sent by wireless from the Naval Observatory in Washington are seldom in error by as much as two-tenths of a second, while the average error is less than five-hundredths of a second.

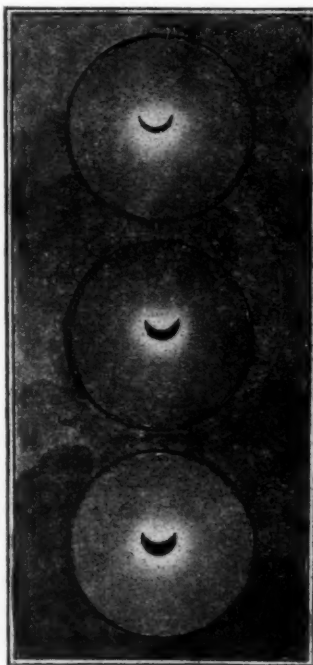
—Radium paint is now used by astronomers for illuminating the cross wires of a telescope.

—Will the chestnut tree come back? Since 1904 an unusual bark disease has brought the noble tree into the valley of death. No sprays, or other 'tree medicines' have stopped the epidemic. A few chestnut trees, however, seem to be immune against the blight, just as certain human beings, during a plague, seem not to be affected. From these few trees it is hoped to develop a strain that will resist the blight and restore the chestnut race.

—The recent note in this column as to woodpeckers making

the acorns a sort of incubator to hatch worms for their food, has been denied by some authorities. Some other popular beliefs, said to be false, are the following: the ostrich does not stick its head in the sand; the frog does not cause warts on the hand; the bat does not tangle itself in human hair; the eagle does not carry away babies; the rattlesnake will crawl over a hair rope.

—There is no truth in the popular belief that stars can be seen in the daytime from a deep well or mine shaft.



Photographs by Tretter

The eclipse of the sun as it appeared at the home of THE GRAIL on January 24, 1925. The dark crescents show three phases of the disk of the sun—at 7:57, 8:07, and 8:12 a. m., respectively, Central Standard Time.

—Five years of research have produced the ciné-kodak. It makes the taking of moving pictures possible for the amateur photographer. Perfect moving pictures can be taken by anybody, and the development costs only one-fifth of the equivalent length of standard film. One interesting fact in the development is that the negative film is so developed that it turns into the positive film for projection.

—What do dreams mean? Doctor James J. Walsh points out the true answer: some physical cause is working in us. Recently science has taken dreams to the laboratory. It was found that extract of the pituitary body will produce pleasant dreams. When adrenalin, another gland extract is used, the dreams become terrifying. Examination of thousands of dreams point to some bodily cause,—indigestion from a bit of cheese, interference with breathing, some stimulus such as the light blow from a falling stick, etc. As to the question, whether dreams predict future events, the Doctor answers, 'no.'

—Ultra-violet rays in sunlight have again been proved essential for good health. Children kept indoors during the winter, and receiving the sunlight through window glass, are very prone to a disease called rickets. This can be cured by exposure to sunlight. The conclusion is drawn that, since glass does not allow the ultra-violet rays to pass, they are the cause of the cure.

—The banana and the orange may soon come to you in a rubber coat. Tropical fruits, gathered a little before ripening, and coated with rubber latex, will keep for a long time in good condition.

—Sliding on a thin film of water is the secret of skating. The pressure of the skater melts a thin film of water under the skate.

—Ka-á he-é is not a new laugh, but a new plant with a substance two hundred times sweeter than sugar. It hails from Paraguay, and the first live plant obtained from a desert region was sent by a Catholic priest to a veteran Paraguayan botanist, Dr. Bertoni. The possibilities of a substitute for sugar without the bad effects of sugar, has led to its introduction into the United States for study and experiment.

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—The flivver also rattles before it strikes.

—Terminal facilities for the income—a garage.

—Among the many products of the peanut is the stomach ache.

—The by-products of gasoline are usually taken to the hospital or the morgue.

—Wanted—an X-ray for the examination of conscience.

—Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

—Even sugar has its duty.

—The modern Mrs. Newlywed will not buy horseradish, since she has an auto.

—In an emergency—when poison gas escapes—the best steps to take are long ones.

—Kicking is a good way to win fame,—for a football player.

—Radio can now send jazz across the ocean, but the jazz will not stay there.

—The poor man is finding as much difficulty to remain on earth as the rich man finds in entering heaven.

—Is the modern mother to be her daughter's guide or pacemaker?

—Modern education often broadens the mind without depth.

—If scientists ever enable us to live on air, the 'Free Air' sign will come down.

—De luxe usually means 69 per cent more for the looks.

—The airplane is now twenty-one years old,—others fly high also at this age.

—More laws make more law-breakers.

—Conservation of printing paper is suggested by excluding crime reports from the daily news.

—Automobile accidents are so common that they will soon be classed as causes of a natural death.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Sisters M. Gertrude Jarboe and Mary Cleophas Julius, Sisters of Loretto, at Nerinx, Kentucky, both nonagenarians, celebrated conjointly at the Loretto motherhouse on December 30th their ninetieth birthdays, although there is a difference of a few days in their age. Both are still active and follow the daily exercises of the community. Among the sisters who participated in the festivities were twenty-one others who have already celebrated the golden jubilee of their religious profession. The famous blue grass region seems to have added longevity to the other characteristics for which it is so well known.

—The Catholics of France are organizing to form a bulwark against the tide of iniquitous legislation that threatens them.

—Has Brazil the key of longevity? That country is said to have within its bounds 6,700 persons who are over 100 years of age, and 25,488 others who are between 90 and 100.

—The Archdiocese of Cincinnati mourns the death of its metropolitan, Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D. The late Archbishop was engaged in the duties of his office until within a few hours before his death, which came quite suddenly on the night of January 5th. Born at Cincinnati, December 11, 1849, Archbishop Moeller was ordained to the priesthood at Rome on June 10, 1876. In 1900 he was appointed Bishop of Cleveland, but three years later he became Coadjutor (with right of succession) to Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, and in 1904 he succeeded to the Archiepiscopal See. Among the surviving relatives of the deceased are his sister, Sister Henry Marie, of the Sisters of Charity, on whom he had called a few hours preceding his death, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bernard Moeller, of Cincinnati, who was present when death came, and Rev. Ferdinand Moeller, S. J., of St. Louis. Cardinal Hayes celebrated the Pontifical Requiem at the funeral on January 13th. Archbishop John J. Glennon, of St. Louis, preached the funeral sermon.

—Firemen who had been fighting fire from midnight at Hastings, Minnesota, on the morning of January 4th, the feast of the Holy Name, headed by the mayor of the town, attended the 8 o'clock Mass in their fighting togs. After Mass they returned to finish the work of the night.

—According to the calculations of Lechtsinsky, who is of the Jewish race, there are at the present time 15,783,947 Jews in the world. Of these, 11,474,668 are in Europe; 3,300,000 dwell in the United States. New York City alone has 1,643,000.

—The Brothers of the Christian Schools, or Christian Brothers, as they are commonly called, celebrated on January 26th the two-hundredth anniversary of the approbation of their Society by the Holy See. These Brothers, who are well known as educators, conduct a number of flourishing schools on this side of the Atlantic.

—Four thousand Sisters, representing forty religious orders, and all teaching in the Archdiocese of Chicago, gathered on January 2nd and 3rd in the auditorium of Our Lady of Sorrows Academy, at Chicago, to attend the first institute held in the Archdiocese for the teaching sisterhoods.

—It is not of frequent occurrence in our day that husband and wife seek and obtain from the Holy See a dissolution of the marriage bond that both may enter the religious state. Yet this was done recently in the case of Count and Countess d'Elbee. The latter, whose maiden name was Louise de Seze, now Sister Claire, has just pronounced her final vows in the chapel of the Carmelites at Louvain. The Count, now Brother John, of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, who had pronounced his final vows some days previous, was present at the solemn ceremonies. Brother John will probably be raised to the dignity of the priesthood this coming summer. His first Mass is to be offered up in the chapel of the Carmelites.

—Sacred Heart Guild is the name of the club house to be erected for young women at Cincinnati. The new building, which will cost \$350,000, will be six stories high with 250 guest rooms, gymnasium, reception rooms, kitchen, dining room, chapel, etc. The Sisters of St. Joseph will be in charge.

—The Marquette Laymen's Retreat League of Milwaukee is planning to hold at Springbank three-day spiritual retreats at the end of every week in the year. The laymen's retreat movement is becoming popular all over the country.

—The Sulpician Fathers, who have had charge of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, since its establishment in 1790—the first institution of its kind in the United States—are preparing to erect new buildings that will cost more than \$3,000,000. The Archdiocese is collecting funds for that purpose.

—According to Dr. Clarence H. Benson, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Protestant churches are failing to interest the young. As a consequence 27,000,000 boys and girls know nothing about Sunday school. Is Protestantism dying of starvation?

—"Cathedral of Learning" is the term applied to the new home contemplated for the University of Pittsburgh to be erected this year. The monstrous building, which is to accommodate 12,000 students, will be a fair rival of the Woolworth Building, the "Cathedral of Commerce," in New York City. The University will be 360 feet long by 260 wide and 680 feet high with fifty-two stories.

—The Rector of the Catholic University, Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, and the general secretary of the same institution, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Edward A. Pace, have gone to Rome to consult with the authorities in the Eternal City about adapting the University more fully to Catholic educational needs.

—Having been formally received into the Church, unknown to his wife and family, Joseph Warren Fordney, for many years a member of the National House of Representatives from Michigan, gave a very pleasant and joyful surprise to the members of his household by approaching the Holy Table with them on Christmas morning. That was indeed a merry Christmas.

—In Missouri a plan has been worked out by which 125 Lutheran elementary schools will be approved by the State Department of Education.

—The Chicago City Council voted unanimously to open its sessions in the future with prayer. The president of the Chicago Church Federation, the Catholic Archbishop, and the president of the Rabbinical Association have been requested to provide officials to offer up the opening prayer.

—A Protestant Encyclopedia in twelve volumes of about 1,000,000 words each is in process of compilation. There exists a Catholic Encyclopedia and a Jewish Encyclopedia, but the Protestants have none as yet.

—The new Governor of Colorado, who was elected by the support of an element that is hostile to the Church, in his first message to the State General Assembly recommended that "the right to obtain, possess, or dispense intoxicating liquors for 'sacramental uses' be eliminated from the prohibition law. "Governor Morley," says the *Denver Catholic Register* in a scathing rebuke to the new executive, "or anybody else who thinks he is going to abolish the Catholic Mass has another guess coming."

—Of the women in the United States who have returned to Mother Church from Protestantism more than 300 have become religious and a few of these were founders of religious orders that are now flourishing.

—On December 29, 1924, the Rt. Rev. James A. Griffin, Bishop of Springfield, Illinois, received a commission as Major in the Chaplains' Reserve Corps of the United States Army.

—In the election of M. Musy as President of Switzerland, the Republic has chosen a Catholic as its leader. Times were when this would have been impossible. America next!

—Rev. Thomas O'Regan, who is pastor of St. Pius Church, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, has inaugurated "Converts' Sunday," which he held on January 25th, the day on which the Church Unity Octave closed. The feast is to be celebrated annually. In the twelve years

of his pastorate at McKeesport Father O'Regan has received sixty-one converts into the Church.

—At St. Martin's Church, Louisville, Kentucky, the Forty Hours Devotion was held from January 25th to 27th inclusive for the special benefit of the Catholic deaf. Father Aemilian, O. S. B., assistant at St. Martin's, preached the sermons in the sign language.

—Of the thirty persons who passed the examinations before the Ohio State Board of Pharmacy on January 13th and 14th, Sister Mary Paul Johnston, of Cleveland, had the highest grading—91.6 per cent.

—"General" James R. Wheeler, who became a Catholic as a result of the edifying example of the "nuns of the battlefield" in the Civil War, died at his home in Baltimore several weeks ago. Archbishop Curley preached the sermon at the funeral of this remarkable layman. For forty years, except when illness prevented, he attended the 8 o'clock Mass at the Cathedral each day and followed the Mass very attentively with the use of a missal. He often served at Mass and always with the reverence and devotion of a model altar boy. He was accustomed to approach the Holy Table at least once a week. From the time of its reorganization forty years ago Mr. Wheeler was prefect of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He was the first and only president of the Holy Name Society. He took an active part in all church societies.—When the *Baltimore Catholic Review* was established, he was made treasurer, and in this capacity he died. "General" Wheeler, as he was affectionately called, was a great and good man, loved by rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant. May his noble example be an inspiration to all the Catholics of our land.

MISSIONS

—Early in January the Society of the Propagation of the Faith held its first formal convention in New York. Representatives of more than forty dioceses were present. Steps were taken to unify all collections for the missionary work of the Church in the United States. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is to be the official instrument through which collections and missionary gifts will be made in the future. For the coming year the diocesan directors aim to raise over \$2,500,000 for the missions.

—The American Foreign Missionary Society of Maryknoll, New York, which has a preparatory seminary near Scranton, Pennsylvania, has arranged to establish another preparatory seminary at Los Altos in the Archdiocese of San Francisco. The college will be ready by September, 1926, to receive students.

—In 1923 the Paris Foreign Mission Society had under its care 1,696,914 Catholics, to which must be added 34,000, the increase by birth and conversion. The Society has 1,235 native priests, European and native religious to the number of 7,047. Its schools number 5,594 with an enrolment of 221,885 children under instruction. Moreover, there are 915 charitable institutions such as orphanages, hospitals, dispensaries, pharmacies, and workhouses.

—In the 147 mission stations of the African Missions of the White Fathers, 1,630,745 patients were treated in one year.

BENEDICTINE

—Two days before her eighty-fifth birthday Rev. Mother Walburga Hoch, O. S. B., of Elizabeth, New Jersey, passed to her reward. Mother Walburga entered the order at Newark sixty-four years ago. She had established communities in five of the United States besides others in Ecuador, South America.

—The English Benedictine Congregation has elected as its President the Abbot of Douai, Rt. Rev. W. E. Kelley, O. S. B., to succeed the late Abbot Smith.

—On January 16th Rev. Ignatius Groll, O. S. B., of Holy Cross Priory, Cañon City, Colorado, sent broadcast by radio three piano solos of his own composition. According to the reports of those who "listened in" the music was of high order. Among the more distant listeners was St. Peter's Abbey, in Canada, where the concert was plainly heard and enjoyed. There were even encores by radio.

—Is a wave of piety sweeping across the country in the wake of the blight of bigotry? The Senate of North Dakota has passed a resolution that the pastors (of all creeds) at Mandan be requested to accept the chaplaincy of the Legislature for this year. In accordance with this resolution the Lieutenant Governor and President of the Senate, together with two senators, called upon the Benedictines at St. Joseph's Church and invited the pastor, Rev. Clement Dimpfl, to open the House with prayer on the day of its first session.—The Michigan Senate has also passed a resolution to open its sessions with prayer. The pastors of the several churches of Lansing will be invited to offer the prayer.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

ENGLAND:—As a sequel to his six other volumes Dom Savinian Louismet, O. S. B., gives us "Miracles and Mysticism," in 18^o, 294 pp. Dom Louismet is easily the prince of modern popular writers of mysticism, and all the favorable comments that have previously appeared in these columns apply equally to the above-mentioned work. The author goes back to the traditional definition of mysticism and succinctly defines Jansenism and Quietism, the principal forms of false mysticism. His books, remarkable indeed, treat of a very elevated and wholesome doctrine.

Due to an oversight, our review of "Benedictine Monachism" (second and supplemented edition) appears only now, many months after the actual reception of the volume by the public. Someone has said: "Read three reviews of a book before you purchase it and if after this you still feel as though you must have that book—then you'll enjoy it." Dear reader, perhaps then, this will be your third review of "Benedictine Monachism." Dom Cuthbert Butler, O. S. B., of Ealing Priory, London, has, in this new edition (Longmans,

Green and Co., 10/6 net) answered his critics (Benedictine and otherwise) pointedly, candidly, and conclusively. Carl Horstman writes: "The Catholic world has always produced two types of humanity: the lean, fervid ascetic, and the comfortable, round, quiet, studious monk, both good in their way and corresponding to the types of genius and talent, progressive or stationary disposition...." To many of our readers Dom Cuthbert's first edition of five years ago is a precious keepsake. The reading of the supplement in this second edition adds much interest to this learned volume. A question of great interest is touched on in pages 229-230 concerning the quadriennial election of abbots, a temporal election special and peculiar to the English Benedictines—what an American historian termed the "spotted actuality." Abbot Butler, writing objectively at all times, in "Benedictine Monachism" goes down to the bottom of facts with a considerable dash of cynicism.

Dom J. B. McLaughlin, O. S. B., able apologist, presents "Catechism of Theology" (Longmans, London. 3s. 6d. 115 pp.) This work is a timely exposition of dogmatic theology for young people and recent converts. It is another valuable addition to the library of the Catholic teacher.

The great pipe organs built by Brycesons for the Albert Palace at Battersea originally cost £8,000. Some thirty years ago the monks of Fort Augustus Abbey, Scotland, bought them for £3,000 and had them removed by a special train and a special steamer to their abbey at Fort Augustus. Until the completion of the artistic abbey church the monks stored their treasure in a large round house within the abbey's enclosure. Recently they connected up a part of one of the organs on the occasion of the opening of the nave of the new church. The instrument still retains its wonderful tonal qualities.

In our days we have a great deal spoken of "Liturgy." Liturgy is a Greek word meaning a "public act," i. e., official worship of the Church. The fundamental principles of this official worship were ably expounded by Dom Gaspar Lefebvre in his "Liturgia." From the second edition of this work the nuns of Stanbrook Abbey have given us an English edition: "Catholic Liturgy." Dom Lefebvre, together with Doms Grea, and Festugière, writes unceasingly to portray the many motives and reasons why our holy liturgy is the first and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit. His busy pen has given us some twenty works on liturgy. He is editor of a Bi-Weekly Bulletin devoted to Liturgy and the Parish, which is a work of seriousness and practicability of which the press of St. André at Lophem-lez-Bruges can well boast. His pages are of easy perusal, due to the excellence of his style and the clarity of his expressions. The format of all his works is artistic, tasteful and original. The illustrations accompanying his publications are well considered. All in all, we commend heartily anything this monk publishes and anything the nuns of Stanbrook translate, both seemingly actuated by the

artistic interpretation of the words of St. Benedict, "Ut in Omnibus Glorificetur Deus—That in all things God may be glorified."

ITALY:—Pope Pius XI recently sent to the Superiors of Religious Orders, and religious institutes of men, an Apostolic Letter, dated March 7, 1924. It is published in the "Acta Apostolicae Sedis" of April, 1924. His Holiness touches upon many topics, including Founders of Orders, the Apostolate, Studies, Students, Novitiate, Lay Brothers. The Holy Father has devoted an entire page to the last-mentioned. He points out that the lay brother should be possessed of seriousness of purpose, when contemplating the religious life and that, throughout the periods of his probation and novitiate, it should remain his beacon light. Competent directors are advocated for these, our lay brothers, who should be instructed in their religious ways and should ever recall the heritage of their habit and the precious gift of their exceptional vocation to the Master's service.

Of all the works edited by the indefatigable scholar, Abbot Placido Lugano, O. S. B., the "Vita Santa Francesca Romana" (1384-1440), originally written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, has made the most timely appearance. It is published by Marietti, (1924, 182 pp. 10 illustrations). One can well understand the keen interest this Olivetan abbot had in reprinting the book, for the Olivetans were the directors of St. Frances during her life and it was she who was instrumental in the building of the beautiful Tor de Spechi, which compares in the richness and grandeur of its architecture to Monte Cassino itself. The Olivetans possess the entire body of St. Frances in their ancient church, Santa Maria di Nova. The name of the rich monastery, the Tor de Spechi, is not, as the Italians would have it, translated: "tower of mirrors," but it received its name from the first proprietors of that estate, named "Spechi," and since their castle was possessed of a tower (Tor) the name "Tor de Spechi" was its common appellation. At that monastery in April, 1925, will meet all oblates attached to Benedictine Abbeys throughout the world.—Apropos to this subject, we might mention Father Scarpini's: "Santa Francesca Romana, O. S. B., and her Fioretti Spirituali." It is not a liberal translation but an agreeable adaptation of the vision and divine consolations of the great Benedictine oblate. It is one of a collection being edited under the supervision of Giovanni Papini.

The Prior of Subiaco has answered in words of heartfelt thanks to those who have so generously contributed towards some restorations now being carried on at the Cradle of our Order. The buildings and paintings thus being gone over are expected to be completed by March, 1925. Another difficulty is that of procuring water on the mountain. Would that St. Benedict renew his miracle of olden times and give water to his monks once more! The Anio, lying at the foot of the mount, is being sapped by an electrical company for power purposes. The tiresome, laborious journeys to and fro for water are severely taxing the health of the monks.

(Continued on page 516)



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—The stormy March has come at last, and icy winter's almost past; no more we'll feel his stinging blast; and toward the spring, our thoughts we cast. Soon we'll hear the birdies singing in the leafy trees; soon enjoy the flower's perfume on the morning breeze, and the cheery humming, buzzing of the busy bees. What a joy to welcome springtime after winter's reign! What a joy to greet the flowers in the fields again! What a joy to see the raindrops fresh'ning up the plain! And to know that for the summer we need not wait in vain.

"Let the little ones come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." These are the words of Our Blessed Lord when after a hard day's work in talking to the multitudes who thronged to hear Him, His disciples wanted to send away the mothers who brought to Him their children asking His blessing upon them.

Our Saviour held out His arms and gathered the little children to Him and said, "Do not send them away, for they belong to Heaven."

"He dearly loved the little ones—

A happy company:

They crept within His tender arms,

And sat upon His knee.

He said, "My Father's kingdom is

For such as these in heart:

So let the little children come

And bid them not depart."

Following closely upon this time came the first Palm Sunday, when Our Lord went to the Temple in the City of Jerusalem. When the people heard that Our Lord was coming to visit their city, they all ran out to meet Him, carrying in their arms, branches from the palm and other trees and strewed them upon the ground or waved them in the air, and as they did so they cried out, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

One would not think that soon He who was so honored would have to die on the cross to pay for the sins of men.

"But, children dear, the hour was nigh

For which He longed and came—

When for our sins He gave Himself,

In suffering and shame.

And yet, to make this world of ours

Like paradise above,

He left to us a mighty proof

Of His enduring love."

And what was this "proof of His enduring love" that the poet Grace Keon so beautifully speaks of? It was the Holy Eucharist which He instituted at the Last Supper He ate with His Apostles on Holy Thursday, on that memorable occasion He broke bread, blessed it, and gave it to His Disciples, saying, "Take ye and eat, this is My Body." And then blessing the wine, He also gave it to His Disciples, saying, "Drink ye all of this. This is My Blood. Do ye this in commemoration of Me."

This was the time when Christ gave the power to the priests of His church to change bread and wine into His Body and Blood. Every priest exercises this power every time he offers up Holy Mass. And you, dear children, when you receive Holy Communion, are receiving the Body and Blood of Jesus as the Disciples did at the Last Supper.

"Yes, in that room, the Cenacle,

He took the bread and wine:

And blessed and gave among the Twelve,

And spoke those words divine:

"This is My Body; take and eat.

Drink, too, My Blood," He said,

"That Flesh that shall be crucified,

That Blood which shall be shed."

This change from bread and wine to the Body and Blood of Our Lord, is a big word of eighteen letters. It is Transubstantiation. This means the changing of the substance of one thing into the substance of something else. *Trans* means *over, across*; the remainder of the word means *substance*. This word, then, means the change that takes place when the substance of bread goes *over (trans)*, or becomes, the substance of the body of Christ, and the substance of wine becomes the substance of the blood of the Savior.

Where shall we find Our Lord who dwells upon earth for us? We shall find Him in the Catholic Church

"Behind the Tabernacle door,

Behind the silken veil,

The Saviour stays—and longs to see

You kneeling at the rail

He waits the sound of little feet,

The sound of childish prayer;

Come often, child,

To tell your love,

For God is waiting there!"

It was at this time, when the Last Supper was finished, that Judas, the traitor, went out and sold Our Blessed Lord for thirty pieces of silver. Judas said to the wicked men who wanted Jesus that they might kill Him, "Tonight, He will go to the Garden of Olives. I will walk up to Him and kiss Him, and by that you will know which is the Man."

Judas was a traitor. He was false to his best Friend. That night when the soldiers came into the garden, Judas did as he had said he would and gave Our Blessed Lord the traitor's kiss. The soldiers seized Our Lord, and tied His hands behind His back, then they took rods and beat Him. Not being satisfied with this, they put upon His head a crown of thorns, and pressed it in, so that the blood ran down His sacred face. Then they put a reed in His hand for a scepter, such as kings were accustomed to carry, and then laughed at Him and called Him "King of the Jews," and said other mean things to Him. Jesus suffered and died that the gates of Heaven might be opened again. After the sin of Adam and Eve the gates of Heaven were closed to all mankind, but the death of Jesus opened them again.

"Then forth unto Mount Calvary,
Amid the jeering throng,
They led the spotless Lamb of God—
Oh, sad the way and long!
Three times He fell beneath the cross,
For He was sore oppressed,
Till Simon came, unwillingly,
To help the Saviour blest."

When they finally reached Mount Calvary, the soldiers stripped Our Lord of His garments and, laying Him down upon the Cross, they drove big nails through His hands and feet, then they lifted the cross, and placed it between two other crosses upon which were hanging two thieves. We now see that Our Blessed Lord was cruelly scourged, was crowned with thorns, and was crucified.

And what of Christ's Blessed Mother during all this time?

"And there was Mary sorrowing:
With breaking heart she stood
A silent witness of the death
Her Son bore on that wood!
Oh, bitter was the manger bed,
And pang of poverty!
A thousand times more bitter was
The cross on Calvary."

And while Our Saviour was dying on the cross, He prayed to His Heavenly Father to forgive His enemies. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

After three hours of suffering on the cross, Our Blessed Lord died. The sun was darkened, and all the earth was filled with fear. It was then, that they realized for a certainty, that this was indeed, the Son of God.

The day on which Our Blessed Lord died so sorrowful a death is called Good Friday. Why should such a sorrowful day be called good? Because by His death, Our Blessed Lord opened the gates of Heaven. When He came on Christmas night, Our Blessed Lord came to save the world, and to save it, He died on the cross between two thieves.

What was done with our Lord's body?

"Within the rocky new-made tomb
They laid that body cold,
And sealed it fast. A mighty stone
Before its mouth was rolled.
The soldiers guarded well against
The resurrection hour.
For sore were all the Jews afraid
Of Christ's almighty power."

(To be continued next month)



GIDAP, DOBBIN, GIDAP!

The Calendar

ETHEL KING

So uniform the days lie marked off here,
Each one its neighbor's copy, glad or drear.
Even red letter days, set forth as best,
In all but color are just like the rest.

Life is not so. Days marked red may prove grim
To us, or, suddenly, days fancied dim,
Shine out. How dreadful if we truly knew
Ahead which days for us held mirth or rue!

A Child Wonder

Many of our Boys and Girls have surely heard of wonderful little Laurene Louise Lindgren, now going on four, some have seen her. Last summer Father William H. Schaefers, a Kansas priest, went for his vacation to Los Angeles, California, and while there spent some time in "movie-land" at Hollywood. You will remember his write-up of Jackie Coogan, which appeared in the "Corner." Here is what he had to say in the *Wichita Advance* about another child wonder.

"We have often been told that this is the age of child prodigies. It is perhaps a question open for discussion whether or not that sweeping statement is true. But I was more than ready to endorse that assertion on the evening that I met little Laurene Louise Lindgren, aged three and a half years.

"Laurene was born of Swedish-German parents, in Everett, Washington, but now calls Seattle her home. Her mother was born and reared a Catholic but, unfortunately, dropped away from the faith early in womanhood. Otherwise this marvelous child might now be receiving a Catholic education. For Laurene is a marvelous child,—fleshy, dimpled, light-complexioned, of an extraordinary cheerful disposition. She is either at play or at work. At work, for Laurene, though so very young, is an expert pianist, typist, reader and composer of merit.

"To see and to hear this little baby girl play the piano is a certain cause for the highest sort of astonishment! Perched perilously on the piano stool, with her small feet a-dangling in the air, her curly head bent over the key board, her pretty face so serious, her tiny hands running over the keys as she plays by heart some Richard Wagner composition, Laurene forces one to admit that she is truly a prodigy. She studies her music by note, in which her mother helps her. Then she memorizes the selection. She loves the classics, has a great dislike for loud, jazzy music. She loves soft, harmonious music. She said, 'I like symphonic, clever music.' Among her many selections she favors The Pilgrim's Chorus, The Rosary, Paderewski's Minuet in G, the Xmas hymn 'Silent Night, Holy Night,' and Nola, by Felix Arndt. When but two years of age Laurene was already at the piano. This infant musician has also done some piano composition work. Her compositions are the expressions of her childish heart: light, dainty, tripping music. But her parents discourage her in this line of work because it seems to tax her mental powers too strenuously.

"Another marvel is to see Laurene use the typewriter. She will ask, 'what do you wish me to write?' Given a sentence, she will click away over the keys, using the touch system. Her spelling is very good, her work neat. To watch her strike the outside keys with her very tiny little finger is to gasp with astonishment.

"An excellent reader, Laurene will read any part of the news printed in the daily papers. I picked up the *Los Angeles Herald* and asked her to read a paragraph of a column that announced prospects of greater and better facilities for shipping California fruit. She read the paragraph in much the same fashion as a high-

school student would read it, stumbling only over the names of cities and corporations. It is breath-taking to her to read. She has mastered all the children's readers, the stories of which she reads very fluently and interprets correctly and with marked emphasis. When but eighteen months old she had completed the primary readers.

"This little child is a mental wonder, a baby marvel. Psychologists have buzzed around her, examining and questioning her. Scientists have experimented with her mental faculties. Paderewski threw up his hands in sheer wonder when Laurene, as guest in his private concert railroad car, played his Minuet for him.

"Naturally, the parents worship the child. They wonder, too, and ponder over what may be in store for their marvel child. Whilst on a visit at the university in Washington State, the parents asked a group of psychologists for an explanation of it all, who answered by declaring that it was their belief that 'a certain course of events, decreed by fate, had materialized in forming an ideal course of circumstances, from the meshes of which this infant mental prodigy had escaped!' This is the scientist's way of trying to explain wonders. Mr. Lindgren himself, a simple man, laughs at such scientific phrases and explanations. He gives God credit.

"Laurene has never been sick a day. She is robust, healthy. When at play she has all the ways and wiles of an ordinary three and a half year old child. But what a giant she is otherwise! A guest of the United Studio, Laurene watched a comedy picture being filmed: a cow, frozen, was being thawed out with warm blankets and hot water bottles, so that she might give her milk again. This little child watched the scene for a few moments and then suddenly exclaimed, 'daddy, they've got it all wrong. It's so unreal. Let us go.' It is not surprising to know that Laurene captivated every one on the United lots. And here we come to our last point: studio kings, amazed at the child's talents, and seeing great possibilities for her—and, incidentally, for themselves also—in a screen career, are making overtures to this little princess of mental wealth, infant beauty and winning personality. Whether or not her parents will sign a contract to star her in the movies I do not know.

"Given present prospects, the child has a great future before her. In just what career she will eventually flash up to astonish audiences can not now be named. But the hope of all those who have met sweet, innocent, intellectual little Laurene Lindgren was expressed, on leaving her happy company, in the wish that Providence be as kind to her in the future as it has been to her in her babyhood, that her future place in the adult world be on a par with her present superior position in the baby world."

Extreme Unction

ERNEST DOWSON

"Upon the eyes, the lips, the feet,
On all the passages of sense,
The anointing oil is spread with sweet
Renewal of lost innocence.

The feet, that lately ran so fast
To meet desire, are soothly sealed;
The eyes that were often cast
On vanity, are touched and healed.

From troublous sights and sounds set free;
In such a twilight hour of breath
Shall one retrace his life, or see
Through shadows, the true face of death?

Vials of mercy! Sacring oils.
I know not where nor when I come,
Nor through what wanderings and toils,
To crave of you Viaticum.

Yet, when the walls of flesh grow weak,
In such an hour, it well may be,
Through mist and darkness, light will break,
And each anointed sense will see."

Letter Box

(All communications for this department should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Bertha Faix, 1007 Monroe Ave., McKeesport, Pa., writes:

The more I read "The Grail" the more I like it. But most of all I like its "Children's Corner"—I like sports and music and can play the violin. I take lessons once a week. I have a good teacher, his name is Wm. J. O'Hara.... Sometimes I read a book every day, but when Sunday comes I have no books to read. My favorite books are the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," and the "Ave Maria." I will soon tell you how Upston Plan and Part Vice look. I have two puzzles which I hope the Cornerites will enjoy.

Puzzles: 10-5-19-21-19 4-9-5-4 15-14 20-8-5 3-18-15-19-19. 20-8-5 2-12-5-19-19-5-4 22-9-18-7-9-14.

William Faix writes from the same address (1007 Monroe Ave., McKeesport, Pa.):
Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am asking to join the "Children's Corner" with my sister.... I am nine years old and am in the fourth grade. I will soon tell you about Holy Trinity School, to which I go. I will always write with my sister.

Janet Booth, writing from 2126 Houghton Avenue, New York City, says:

Although I have been reading "The Grail" month after month, I never was able to have enough courage to ask admission to the "Corner." I am very much interested in the letters. I think the person who signs "Just Me" has the right idea. The "Corner" ought to be the envy of the grown ups.—If you like to hear about Bronx, N. Y., I will describe it. Where I live it is very much like the country. At present the snow is quite deep. At this time of the year I enjoy going sleigh riding and ice skating. There are many other sports, but these are the two I enjoy most.—In the summer it is the most picturesque of all. The wild flowers and fruit-bearing trees are so beautiful. At that season it is very hot, and many go bathing frequently.—To get to the zoo, amusement park, or the movies, is about a thirty-minute ride.

I am twelve years old and am in the eighth grade at school. I would enjoy letters from the other "Cornerites" and would answer them promptly.—I hope to be admitted to the "Corner."

You are welcome, Janet. There is room for all.

Alice McGuinness, of Saint Helena, California, writes to say that she is fond of reading the letters that appear in the "Corner." St. Helena is a beautiful place, she says, but although the town has only 1,700 inhabitants, it has a Catholic church and a convent close by. "There are ten children in our family," Alice admits, "and we do have the best fun. I am going to Grammar School. I do enjoy the puzzles and the jumbles in 'The Grail.' Do let me suggest something. Why not have a cross-word-puzzle corner? I received a book for Christmas and I have more fun making them.... I certainly have

learned a lot of new words since I started to work them....I would just love to be one of your nieces and do hope you will accept me as one....My sister is writing you too.

"A hundred thousand welcomes" to all the nieces and nephews that join our family circle. No doubt, by adding a cross-word puzzle to the "Corner," we anticipated the wishes of a host of nephews and nieces as well as of the many grown-ups who are interested in the "Corner." Not long ago one of our nephews in Long Island City, Joe Yanchan, sent us a cross-word puzzle which will appear later on in the "Corner."

Mary Gertrude McGuinness, of Saint Helena, California, sent the following as her contribution to the Letter Contest, (to which, by the way, so little attention has been paid up to the present time):

WHAT I INTEND TO BECOME

My greatest ambition is to become a nurse, for nurses can do so much to help humanity. They are always called upon to do their bit in time of peace and war.

It is a wonderful life, but a girl has to have the strength and integrity of character to go through with it. I was in training five months and just had my cap (my how proud I was of it) when I was taken ill. I have been out of the hospital now for three months, and I certainly miss the work. In September I am going back, for I just love training. It is just wonderful to know how to take care of sick people.

If it is God's will that I should finish as a trained nurse, then I would love to study to be a doctor. I know it is quite unusual for women to be doctors, but I would love to be a baby specialist, for I do love children so.

A nurse must be true to herself and true to others; she must take criticisms, for by doing so she will learn many things. She will have to be cheerful at all times, even though sometimes it is very hard to do so.

A great deal of responsibility rests on the nurse's shoulders, for she has to carry out the orders that are left for her. The doctor depends on a nurse to help save a life, or perhaps to help comfort sorrowing friends. How little we know what a nurse has to go through in the training school. It is a hard life, no doubt, but if she goes through with it, how happy she will be when she gets her diploma.

It is wonderful to be able to help humanity by your knowledge of nursing, for by so doing you are doing what God wishes you to do, for after all aren't we here but to obey God's will, and to do things as He would wish to have them done? The trouble is there aren't enough nurses, but some day girls will wake up and realize what a wonderful vocation it is. Nowadays girls don't stop to think of the suffering of others in this world, if they did, perhaps there would be less diseases to combat.

It makes one feel so happy to be able to help others. I know quite a few nurses and they certainly are wonderful examples to the younger nurses. I hope my wish will be granted, but as I know everything is in God's hands, I will let Him be the judge.

Mary Gertrude McGuinness.

The Return from Calvary

Calvary was now deserted,
Only Mary and her devoted friends
Had braved the earthquake and the terror
And stayed until the end.
They then drew out the nails
From His torn hands and bleeding feet,
And laid His precious body
In His mother's lap to sleep.

Her eyes were blinded, and sadly weeping
She held Him close to her breast,
On His dear cold lips she kissed Him,
Like angels' sweet caress.
Then down the rough hill of Golgotha
They slowly made their way,
And on that first Good Friday evening
He was laid in a borrowed grave.

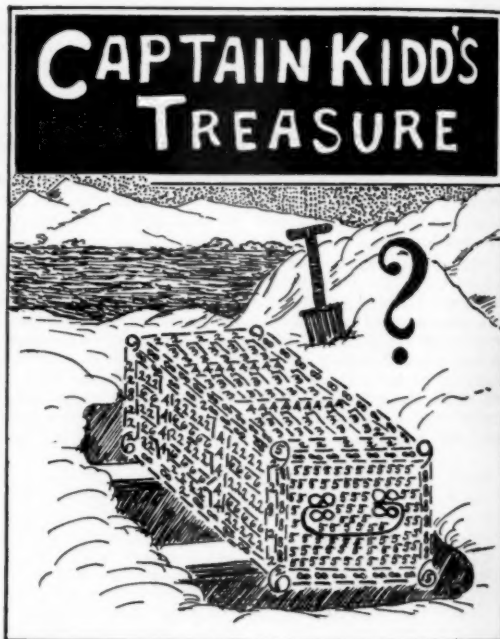
At length as the sad day was ending,
These friends, dejected and worn,
Turned, cast one look, then wending
Their way, their hearts grieved and torn.
Our Lady was heavily leaning
On John, who at her side
Was trying to comfort the mother
Of Jesus the Crucified.

ELEANOR ADAMS

Picture Puzzle

The Picture Puzzle for February is based on the Book of Judges, chapter 11, verses 30 and 31. The picture reads: Jephthe made a vow to offer to God the first one to meet him after the defeat of the enemy.

How many ounces of gold and silver of Captain Kidd's treasure were found on Gardiner's Island? The figures on the chest below will tell you. The numbers are all single. Simply add them up.



"Exchange" Smiles

"Will you join our party in the jam preserves?" asked the first fly.

"No," said the second fly, "the lady next door has baked a cake with icing on it. We're going in for winter sports."

Jimmie (looking through his Christmas gifts): "Daddy, why didn't Santa Claus bring me a dictionary?"
 "Dictionary!" exclaimed Daddy in surprise. "What do you want with a dictionary?"
 "Oh, just to look up the words Santa Claus used when he stepped onto the tacks I scattered on the floor for him."

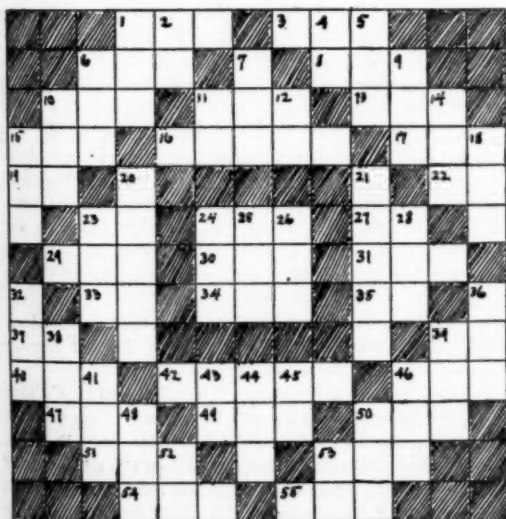
Visitor: "And how old is your baby, dear?"

Small Sister: "He isn't old at all. He's a this year's model."

The Cross-Word Puzzle

We've got the cross-word-puzzle craze,
 And say! We've got it right!
 It haunts us all from night till morn,
 Likewise from morn till night;
 The way it occupies our time
 Is surely 'most a fright.
 Dad grabs a paper in his hand
 And seeks the easy chair.
 If anybody looks for Dad,
 He simply isn't there.
 Bob gets the *News* and draws a chair
 Right close up to the table.
 No use to try to talk to him—
 "What other word means *able*?"
 I see the *Youth's Companion*, too,
 It's in the rocking chair;
 A pair of feet protrude below,
 I wonder who is there.
 "I want an exclamation, please,
 That will begin with *O*."
 No need to ponder further now,
 The voice belongs to Joe.
 "What word of seven letters is
 A synonym for *libel*?"
 "Please tell me, Grandma, what it is—
 It's somewhere in the Bible."
 We don't have time to read the news,
 Or scarce to do our work;
 We never go to see our friends—
 A duty wrong to shirk.
 Our clothes are getting ragged, too,
 We haven't time to mend.
 What will the outcome of this be
 If puzzles cease to end?

A. V. H.



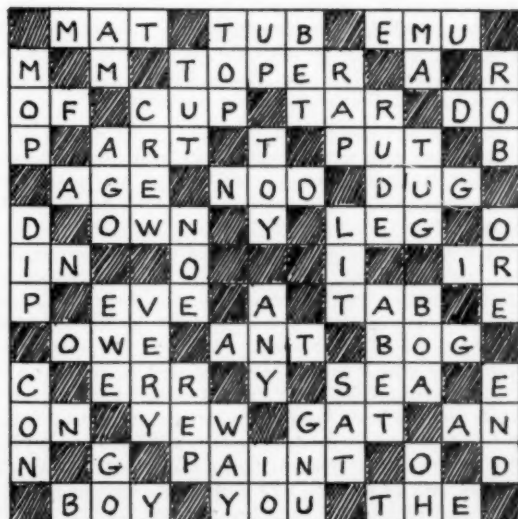
Horizontal

- 1—Acorn-bearing tree
- 2—Piece of metal used as a lever
- 6—A part of anything
- 8—To place
- 10—A snake-like fish
- 11—Distant
- 13—A female deer
- 15—A hobby
- 16—A short curved sword
- 17—To disfigure
- 19—Railroad (abbr.)
- 22—Opposed to "from"
- 23—Thus
- 24—Ball of wound thread
- 27—A river in Italy
- 29—A noisy quarrel
- 30—A large monkey
- 31—Uncooked
- 33—To exist
- 34—A meadow
- 35—Used with either
- 37—In case that
- 39—In the year of the Lord (abbr.)
- 40—The Supreme Being
- 42—Buffoon in a play
- 46—Past of hide
- 47—Liquor distilled from rye or barley
- 49—A lyric poem
- 50—Border of a garment
- 51—To pinch
- 53—A n immeasurable space of time
- 54—Public proclamation
- 55—Amount (abbr.)

Vertical

- 1—A lubricant
- 2—Near
- 4—Like
- 5—Of the color of blood
- 6—Couch to sleep on
- 7—A light, closed carriage
- 9—A man's name (abbr.)
- 10—The organ of hearing
- 11—The fourth tone of the scale
- 12—A prefix meaning again
- 14—Consume
- 15—Backward
- 18—A slender stick
- 20—Cloth for wiping anything wet
- 21—A covering for the clothes
- 23—To sigh convulsively
- 24—Pacific State (abbr.)
- 25—Open (poetical)
- 26—A vegetable (pods)
- 28—Used for rowing
- 32—A light two-wheeled carriage
- 36—To increase
- 38—Dense vapor in the air
- 39—Intention
- 41—Noise
- 43—Behold
- 44—Uneven
- 45—Personal pronoun
- 46—Domestic fowl
- 48—A point
- 50—Opposed to cold
- 52—Child's name for father
- 53—Unit for measuring print

Solution to the Cross-Word Puzzle in the February Grail



Benedictine Chronicle and Review

(Continued from page 510)

—The "Benedictine Chronicle" of THE GRAIL for December, 1924, contained a note stating that the Holy Father had asked the monks of Solesmes to undertake the foundation of the proposed Catholic University at Pekin, China, but that there were no monks available for such an enterprise. The monks of Solesmes, who are well known for the perfect manner in which they carry out the liturgy—the celebration of the Divine Office and other sacred functions, which consume about six hours each day—as also for their constant activities in promoting the sacred song of the Church, the Gregorian chant, write us that the statement is incorrect.—The day of infallible editors has not yet dawned.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

The Spirit of Prayer and the Prayer-Leaflet Idea

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

Upon enrolling in the Crusade, each unit pledges itself "to engage in activities for the mission, home or foreign, or both." Three kinds of activities manifest themselves,—spiritual, educational, and material; but of these, the spiritual—prayer—is the greatest and can accomplish most. Seminarians as a rule are blessed with very little material means, yet they manage to do their bit; most of their time is consumed in study, yet they engage frequently in educational activities; but prayer,—they breathe and live in an atmosphere of prayer. So it is by prayer then that seminarians more completely and effectively fulfill their pledge "to engage in activity for the mission."

St. Meinrad Seminary Unit is but one of a hundred seminary units and can well be taken as an example of the work their fellow seminarians of the Crusade are doing. Frequently through the day prayer is offered in unison for the Missions. Taught by the Benedictines, "Ora et Labora" has become also their motto.

This Unit, although not asserting itself as the first to conceive the prayer-leaflet idea, has nevertheless adopted it, and is even endeavoring to spread it throughout the whole Crusade. Has this splendid work succeeded? It seems as though God has smiled on the undertaking, for the idea has met with instantaneous and wide approval. While the St. Meinrad Seminary Unit is not trying to spread its own leaflet, but the prayer-leaflet *idea*, it has offered its leaflet to those who have found a leaflet of their own as yet impossible. Last year over 9,000 copies were sent to the various units. This school year, from October to December, 8,600 leaflets have been distributed. It argues well. Surely God will not be deaf to such a volume of prayer. The prayer-leaflet idea has taken root; may it flourish till the birds of the air,—the souls of the poor pagans,—come and rest in the branches thereof.

Benediction

MICHAEL F. HENRY

A silvery bell that tinkles thrice,
A breath of incense, fragrant spice,
Silence profound, heads bending low,
The monst'rance raised, Christ's blessings flow.

Abbey and Seminary

—Epiphany saw the return of our students from their holiday vacation. Thanks to improved roads all were here in seasonable time. A few, however, were detained at home by illness. Since their return several were transported to the hospital for treatment, but none proved to be seriously ill.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Charles Curran, pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New Albany, was clothed on January 8th by Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand with the robes of a domestic prelate. Father Lambert was among the clergy present at the investiture.

—Each recurring octave of Epiphany beholds the students on their pilgrimage to Monte Cassino to attend Solemn High Mass in fulfillment of a vow made many years ago during a smallpox epidemic.

—The patron feast of the Abbey Church, and village, St. Meinrad's day, falls on the 21st of January. Villagers and students, together with the community, are accustomed to attend the Pontifical High Mass, which is ordinarily celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Abbot. This year, however, we had as our honored guest the Rt. Rev. Ordinary of the diocese, Bishop Joseph Chartrand, D. D., who was celebrant of the Pontifical Mass. After the Gospel of the Mass the master of ceremonies, Father Eberhard, read the papal decree in virtue of which the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology (S. T. D.) was conferred by the Holy Father upon Fathers Dominic and Albert, rectors of the Preparatory Seminary and the Theological Seminary, respectively. The two candidates for the doctorate then made the profession of faith and took the oath against modernism. This was followed by an inspiring sermon in which the Rt. Rev. Bishop dwelt on the dignity of the priesthood, the necessity of good priests, and the fruits of a good seminary. He pointed to the zealous priests of the diocese as a fruit of the seminary that produced them. He mentioned that in his recent audience with the Holy Father, His Holiness frequently reverted to the seminary, in which he showed the deepest interest and solicitude, and, as an expression of his satisfaction at the good report, willingly conferred the title of Doctor on the two rectors. We are grateful to Bishop Chartrand for the kindly interest that he takes in his *Alma Mater*, and grateful, too, to the Holy Father for the manifestation of his benevolence towards us.

Shortly before Christmas His Eminence, Cajetan Cardinal Bisleti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, wrote our Rt. Rev. Bishop, commending him for his zeal in the education of his clergy. His Eminence likewise paid a compliment to the Sons of St. Benedict for their zeal in training

seminarists to "morals and virtues, to doctrine and science, as are demanded by Canon Law," which, he says, "tend to this one goal: that the priest issuing forth from the seminary, may be deserving of the name, truly a light of the world and the salt of the earth." Moreover, he expressed his pleasure at "the care with which the study of Latin is fostered and promoted.... for, indeed, the diligent study of Latin is of importance."

Among those who gathered to help us celebrate the happy event, were, besides Father Dominic's two sisters and a nephew with his wife, a number of the secular clergy, mostly former pupils of the one or the other of the two rectors. Father Vincent, O. S. B., a former classmate of Father Dominic, together with several other confreres from "extra muros," came also for the celebration. Two other classmates of Father Dominic, Rev. George A. Weiss, and Mgr. Dr. Schuhmann, both of Louisville, came in person to congratulate their college chum of many years ago. Mgr. Schuhmann, who was assistant priest at the Pontifical Mass, had not been at St. Meinrad in forty-four years.

—Extraordinary events at boarding school always seem to clamor for an extra day that is free from study, free from care, free from class, so as to give vent to the pent-up feelings within the breast of youth. Graciously yielding to the popular demand, the Rt. Rev. Abbot set aside January 24th as a day of recreation and jollification in honor of the new Doctors.

—The Seminary closed its first semester at the end of January with written and oral examinations. Orals were held in the College during the first week of February. Sighs of relief are now past, promises of greater diligence hold for the future. The second week of February opened the annual retreat for the students and for the community.

—If the ground hog saw his shadow on February 2nd in our neighborhood, he carried his own candle along.

—With the opening of spring, work is to be continued on our new highway to the east. One of the State Highway Commissioners wrote us recently, saying in part: "We are now getting ready to put metal, which will be either stone or gravel, on the fill east from St. Meinrad. We are determined, if at all possible, to complete that road entirely across southern Indiana next summer." As limestone is plentiful along the new highway, it is probable that stone will be the "metal" used. During the winter, when the weather would permit, work was in progress on the bridge across the creek to the east of Monte Cassino.

—We were not in the direct path of the total eclipse of the sun, which occurred on January 24th. Here only about nine-tenths of the surface of the sun was covered. Three photographs on another page of this issue will show how the eclipse looked to us, except that the dark crescents were not dark at all but bright. The sun took black while the moon, which lay within the "horns" of the crescents, appears luminous.

—Rev. Father Bede, O. S. B., of our community, commends to the prayers of the readers of THE GRAIL the

soul of his brother, Rev. Eugene Mueller, who died on December 29, 1924, at Wasserburg, Bavaria, after a long illness, at the age of 72. Father Mueller will be gratefully remembered as a benefactor of our Abbey.

—Rev. Joseph Hohe, class of '88, died of pneumonia on January 20th at St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas City, Kansas. Father Hohe was both scholar and musician. A hymnal that he compiled is used quite generally throughout the country.

—Another esteemed alumnus, Rev. Andrew J. Thome, '77-'83, class of '86, pastor of St. Vincent de Paul Church, Louisville, Kentucky, was found dead on the morning of January 28th. It would seem that after his return the night before from the closing exercises of the Forty Hours Devotion in a neighboring parish, he had gone to his office and dropped dead there shortly afterwards. Father Dominic, a former classmate, attended the funeral.

Book Notices

"Christ or Chaos," by Martin J. Scott, S. J. Here is a truly novel way of giving an account of the faith that is in us. In fifty-eight points the essentials of Catholic doctrine are explained. There is no cold repulsive arguing. The author simply states the truth briefly and clearly, and then lets the lovable, irresistible beauty of Catholic doctrine make its own powerful appeal. A more than ordinary clearness is obtained by the happy choice of analogies drawn from everyday trends of thought. The beauty of the Catholic Church as recognized and admitted by other than Catholic minds, is shown forth in a collection of collateral non-Catholic testimony. The book will help those within the Church to feel justly proud of their priceless heritage; it will enable those outside the Church to see what the Catholic religion really is. The relative value of Catholicism and Protestantism is clearly placed before the reader's mind. Converts or those that are instructing converts will read Father Scott's new book with special pleasure and profit. XXXVI + 267 pages. 12mo. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.40 postpaid. —I. E.

"Faith Desmond's Last Stand" is a recent novel by the celebrated writer, Elizabeth Jordan, which deserves a favorable reception from Catholic readers. The plot is direct and self-sustaining; simple, yet of constant interest. The characters and action will appeal to those who are weary of melodrama and exaggerated romance. Published by the Extension Press, Chicago. Price \$1.50. H. D.

The Extension Press, Chicago, Illinois, recently published "The Epistles of Father Timothy to His Parishioners," which comes from the vigorous pen of Bishop Kelley, first President and founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society. The volume, which contains 248 pages, bound in cloth, stamped in gold, and sells for \$1.50, does credit to the publishers both as to print and binding.—The introduction places us in a receptive mood by making us acquainted with Father Timothy, invalid pastor, "whose heart is with his flock though his spiritual eyes are turned toward the horizon that marks the setting of life's sun." The personal character of these familiar epistles, written by an experienced pastor, will strike a responsive chord in the heart of every Catholic. The pages of this book are filled with the sage counsels of Father Timothy, presented in the forcible manner that makes the reading of Bishop Kelley's books pleasant, entertaining, and always instructive. X.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Trail of a Prayer

"Oh Justine, it is simply exquisite!"

"Wonderful!"

"A dream!"

"And look at this veil," said Justine. "It belonged to Aunt Dellora's great-grandmother. For luck, one should wear 'something new and something old, you know.'"

"Filmy as a cobweb! Put it on your head a moment." Justine did so, and walked the length of the exquisite boudoir where her bridesmaids had gathered to view her trousseau and bridal gown. They praised and enthused and fell into ecstasies over each new article displayed by the happy bride-to-be. Justine lived with her Aunt and Uncle Paige ever since her parents' sudden death in a railroad accident had left her an orphan. Every luxury wealth could buy was lavished upon the favorite niece and now that her wedding was approaching her doting aunt spared neither money nor pains to have everything as magnificent as possible.

"You will look like a queen, dear! Allard ought to consider himself a very lucky man," said Audrey Bell, Justine's dearest friend. The latter beamed upon her as she took off the expensive silk lace and folded and caressed it.

"Now all that's left is to pray for fine weather," she said, laying the precious veil carefully in its box, which was lined with blue silk to keep the lace from yellowing. While the other girls were busy examining various articles, Audrey nudged her friend and said, half in jest, half in earnest,

"I thought you'd decided to give up praying." Justine glanced quickly at her friend and then avoided meeting her eyes.

"Oh—not exactly. Just because Al is not a Catholic is no reason why I must stop praying."

"I hope not, dear. Of course, you've arranged with him about being married in the priest's parlor? He'll consent to that at least, won't he? Justine, make your demands now, because afterwards—" Being such an old friend, Audrey dared speak from her heart; she felt she must dare it, for Justine's own sake. But the bride-elect hesitated and dallied in her answer.

"I haven't—spoken of it yet. Aunt Dellora and he both expect me to be married here in Aunt and Uncle's home, but of course, I can easily change it if I like."

"You see, if you make it altogether a Protestant affair, I will be unable to serve as your maid of honor,

being a Catholic, much as it would hurt me to give up that distinction. For your own sake, Justine, do be careful!"

"Oh, I will! But I suppose the priest would come here and marry me at my own home just the same, wouldn't he? It needn't be a Protestant affair." Audrey shook her head.

"I am afraid he wouldn't. The Church has her rules, you know, and it is a great condescension for her even to allow a marriage in the priest's parlor." Justine pursed her lips and pouted.

"Pshaw! Always some obstacle to overcome! But I am sure Allard will have no objection, and I do want you for my maid of honor. In fact, I couldn't bear to have anyone else. I'll try to make the change, if only for your sake." Again Audrey shook her head.

"Not for my sake, dear; for your own!" The great day approached nearer and nearer, and Justine, rather faint-heartedly, kept putting off the question of where the marriage was to be celebrated. But at least, feeling that she must say it some time, she broached the subject to her fiancé one evening. He did not exactly relish the idea of being married in the priest's parlor and foregoing the pomp and ceremony with which the affair would be carried off if it occurred at the Paige home. So he put it up to Justine's aunt, and said he would abide by her decision. That lady promptly came forward with her mandate. Either Justine would be married in her home, with the dignity and respect that became her family, or she would wash her hands of the whole affair, Justine would be forever disinherited, and she might go wherever she willed.

That settled it; Allard enthusiastically agreed, and Justine was too weak to protest any further. She was married at home, by a Protestant minister designated by her aunt, who belonged to no particular church, and Audrey was merely present as a spectator. Justine was not as happy as she had anticipated, but she strove to chase off the prickings of conscience and such other "bugaboos" as kept haunting her uneasy mind, and tried to think only of the wonderful picture she made, of the handsome husband she had that day gained, and of the many magnificent presents on display in an upper room, guarded night and day by detectives.

Never over-fervent in her religion, having always fulfilled her duties and obligations in rather a perfunctory manner, she yet felt uneasy in her mind, and the tiny prickings all but spoiled her wedding day for her. Her aunt, while not openly discouraging her in her re-

ligion, yet had often made things difficult for her, with the result that the girl had grown gradually lukewarm in her practices. In fact, the only thing which held her to it at all was the thought of what Audrey, her best friend, could think of her if she dropped her faith entirely; she had tried to "pull the wool" over Audrey's eyes for a long time, but the latter was not fooled.

What fervent prayers she sent up for her friend, and with what a sorrowful heart she saw her accepting the attentions of a non-Catholic! She did and said all she could, receiving always Justine's excuses, which were flimsy and one-sided at best, until at last she saw with pain that her friend thought more of worldly and material things than the spiritual.

There were tears in Audrey's eyes as she kissed the bride, who squeezed her hands and pressed her convulsively to her breast, the while she strove to speak gay words and hide the guilty consciousness in her heart. It was as if she had erected a wall before herself, that her friend might not see what lay beyond,—and, thought Audrey, as if she were a condemned soul, saying farewell for the last time.

It was but too true; Audrey never saw her again, for a year or two later, the former, herself, was married, and removed to a distant city. But for all that Justine was never for one day absent from her prayers.

After the wedding there was, of course, a long honeymoon in tropical countries, and the ever-changing scenes, the gayety of their life, and her husband's devoted love seemed, for a time, all that was necessary to life and happiness. But after awhile traveling and gayety began to pall, and, the first bloom being worn off the peach, she began to see her husband in his true light. And the old unrest and uneasiness, which she thought had been laid to rest, began to squirm and move about, making her restless and unhappy. One little custom, which her dead mother had firmly rooted within her, was to kneel and say three Hail Mary's each morning and night. Somehow, though she had given up every other religious practice, she retained this one, almost through force of habit, and no matter how late the hour, or how tired she was after a party or dance, she always managed to drop to her knees for a moment to say Mary's prayer. Her husband laughed at her for it.

"Little fool! What do you do that for anyway?" he asked derisively. "You've dropped all the rest of it, you might as well drop that too."

Justine would merely close her eyes and keep silence; little by little she found how she had been mistaken in him. Instead of being the high-minded, generous, considerate man she thought him before her marriage, she found him penurious, unreasonable, and exacting.

When they returned to the States after their prolonged trip, he decided to remain in New York instead of returning to their home city. When she remonstrated, saying all her folks lived there, an ugly look came into his face, and he told her that he didn't want any

of her relatives about his house anyway. Later, when she begged him to let her visit them, he flatly refused. He purchased a fashionable house with servants and machines galore, but she was never allowed to go anywhere without his permission. If she dared do so in spite of him, as she did once or twice, there arose such a storm that she was glad to subside and stay close within her home.

He fretted and fumed whenever she wished to purchase anything, although he wasted large sums of money in gambling, and just before her little son was born, he remained away for three weeks, in order to "avoid the fuss and whining and excitement." This last occurrence broke her heart, and she all but died in the excess of her grief and weakness.

When he finally did return home, it was in the dead of night, straight from a party where he had made inordinate use of the refreshment, and loudly demanded to be shown his son. This new disgrace was repeated again and again, until poor Justine was only a shadow of herself, and she thought she must be crushed in the cruelty of it all.

But one night, after some years of this carousing and excess, he was brought home ill by two companions—desperately so, for when a physician was called, he pronounced it pneumonia. Justine, overwhelmed by the excess of her sufferings, lay one night upon her bed unable to sleep; it was the eighth day of Allard's illness, and he was growing steadily worse. Suddenly a realization of what all her suffering meant came over her; she had bartered her faith for a mess of pottage, and the dish had proven bitter and nauseating in the extreme instead of the delicious concoction she had imagined it at first.

Leaping out of bed, she fell upon her knees and in a flood of tears cried out to God to pity her, to help her rise out of the terrible quagmire into which she had fallen. She prayed frantically for her husband, for she loved him dearly, and begged that should he recover, God might arrange things so that she might return to her faith and still be with him. All night she wrestled, prayed, wept, promised, and not until the grey dawn began peeping behind the drawn shades did she desist.

And then it was from sheer exhaustion, for her eyes closed in spite of her, and she fell asleep in her kneeling position. When a half hour later a servant entered the room, she was obliged to shake her mistress several times to arouse her.

"Your husband is calling you, ma'am," she whispered. Justine, awake at once, ran to her husband's room and found him conscious—pale, gentle, and a changed man.

"Justine, I think I am done for," he said as she fell upon her knees beside him and caressed his white, drawn hand. "I haven't treated you well, and I have more bad news for you. I have gambled, speculated, and betted on the races until the very house over our heads is no longer ours. Can you forgive me?"

"Oh Allard, don't! Don't speak of it at all; I only

want you to get well. Don't distress yourself." His eyes looked into hers so sorrowfully that she felt her heart must break.

"But you have your jewels, dear; they can't take those away from you. Say they are your own personal property, and have nothing to do with my bills." But Justine shook her head.

"Never! Everything I have that is of the least value must go to satisfy your creditors. If you recover, we can work—and we still have each other."

"You work? No, no! I give you your freedom; go back to your aunt and begin over again. If I get better, I shall be nothing but a useless old hulk anyhow. I have no right to drag you into my poverty and troubles."

"Allard! How you talk! Do you think I could be as yellow and cowardly as all that? No; listen: There is only one thing I would ask of you. I have decided to return to my faith because I realize that there is no blessing for anyone who has fallen away from it. And I love you too much to be satisfied with the thought that we will be separated after death. What if you should not recover? Would you not want to be of my faith so that we might meet again in Heaven?" It was a great decision to make, and one wholly unlooked for by the sick man; he hesitated a long time before answering, but held her hand in convulsive grasp, pressing it in both his own with restless fingers, and looking away to the opposite wall.

In silence Justine prayed as she had never prayed before, for her Faith now took on a significance she had never felt before, and she vowed that if God Almighty would grant her this inestimable boon, she would never be lukewarm again. And meanwhile a prayer ascended each morn and night from a true and faithful friend in a far distant city, for the chum whom she never forgot. And likewise a true and faithful friend in Heaven never forgot the triple angelic greeting that arose morning and evening—a mere matter of habit—and yet a greeting—from an erring child below.

And Justine—waited in tear-blurred anxiety while heavenly forces fought with the powers of violence for possession of a soul—a precious soul, purchased with the blood of the Lamb. At last—it seemed ages—Allard slowly drew his wife's hand to his lips and imprinted a passionate kiss thereon.

"Darling," he said slowly, "I never realized how much I really do love you. No! I never could bear to be separated from you after death. I will do anything you like."

"Thank God!" broke from Justine's grateful lips, as she sped out of the room to get her hat and coat. Straight to St. N——'s Rectory she ran—it was but a square or two away, rang the bell, and in another moment was pouring out her story to the venerable father who came to the door. In a few minutes he was ready and accompanied her to her home. After suitable instruction, Allard was baptized, arrangements were made for his reception of Holy Communion on the

morrow, and his re-marriage to Justine according to the laws of the Church.

After the Father had gone, he clasped her in his arms, a blissful smile upon his countenance.

"Dear, now I will not be afraid to die. I never knew before how sane and beautiful a religion the Catholic faith is or I would never have been so against it. I know now that all this bigotry is nothing but pure ignorance. Ah, if God would let me live now—but it is too much to hope for."

"No it isn't; I am going to begin a novena for you this very afternoon. Good-bye for a little while; I am going now to confession to rid myself of the heavy burden of all these years—and then tomorrow—we will both be happy at the Lord's Table. Oh Allard dear, there is nothing so wonderful in this life as knowing that one is right with God!"

With mutual endearments she took leave of him. During the night he grew much worse, and the priest was summoned at dawn. They both received Holy Communion and then were married. He seemed sinking fast while the Extreme Unction was being administered, and two hours later the Angel of Death had claimed him. After the funeral, having given up the house and all her valuables to satisfy her husband's debts, she found that she still had a small amount left out of his insurance. She found a position in a Catholic Day Nursery, as teacher and housekeeper, and her own small son found a wholesome atmosphere and a safe home in which to grow and expand without being deprived of his mother's care.

One day a letter came from her home city, which upon opening, she found to be an invitation from her aunt to return and resume her home with her relatives. While it was a great temptation, yet she thought and prayed over it a long while before deciding what to do. At last, however, she came to the conclusion that it was better for her to remain in her present wholesome surroundings, with their ever-present incentive to religion and practical charity, than to place herself in a position hostile to her Faith—and above all, that of her child.

God saw fit to reward her constancy some years later, when she received a bequest of some thousands, as her share of the estate of her aunt, who had died intestate, but six months after her husband. Did Justine then give up her humble mode of living and reassume that to which she had been accustomed?

Ah no; there was a new wing to be built onto the Nursery, where a clinic was to be housed on the first floor, and there were new benches and blackboards and manual training appliances to be purchased for the school on the second and third floors, and much money was needed for the work. And the heart of Justine was like a bee, which searched the flowers of charity, greedy for the spiritual sweets she drew therefrom; and her merits she devoted all for the souls of those she loved, and who had gone before, and the Nursery—had become her perpetual home, for she had vowed to die there.

Margaret Roper, Daughter of Sir Thomas More

The home in which Margaret Roper was brought up was such a one as to develop in her all those fine characteristics which she had inherited from her learned and saintly father. She was sixteen years old when she fell in love with and married William Roper, who belonged to distinguished legal families both on his father's and his mother's side. He was wealthy, of excellent and modest character, and not unacquainted with literature, so that it was not surprising that the refined, pious, and learned Margaret should love him.

It was a happy marriage, yet in the beginning it threatened to be disrupted by differences in religion. It was the time when the new doctrine of Martin Luther were becoming popular in certain quarters. Young Roper unfortunately took kindly to the novelty, and soon became a zealous Protestant, anxious to talk of the new religion to anyone he met, so that he was arrested on a charge of heresy and brought before Cardinal Wolsey. Out of regard for his friend Thomas More, the Cardinal gave the youth a friendly warning and discharged him. But Roper kept up the talk at home, affected to despise the religious life of More, and assumed a superiority to him.

Sir Thomas argued with him, but all to no avail, so he betook himself to such fervent prayer that young Roper was finally conquered, and he returned to his faith, never again to be an apostate. So the happy serenity of the family was regained, and we find husband and wife of the same tastes, studying the same branches together, living sweetly and harmoniously together, while Margaret never lost her head over her prosperity, but was always the humble, studious, diligent wife. Her father, Thomas More, was noted for his charity, and whenever he was absent from home, it was Margaret's joyous duty to look after his charities for him.

Her father was in great favor with King Henry VIII, until his entanglement with Anne Boleyn, which worked such havoc for the Church in England. There was much argument back and forth regarding the divorce from his legal wife which Henry wanted, but which the Church refused to grant. With everybody against him, Henry gave the chancellorship to Thomas More, hoping that the bribe would induce the saintly man to come out in favor of the divorce. He refrained from any opinion as long as he could, but when Anne made her triumphal entry into London to be crowned queen, he refused to be present. This angered her, and she set on foot plots for his ruin.

In that strait and bitter trial, when her father was thrown in prison, there was no more golden daughter than Margaret Roper. Father and daughter loved each other dearly, and when he was about to die, he sent her his hair shirt, the instrument of penance which he was wont to wear, as a token of remembrance. (She was the only one who knew he wore it.) After he was beheaded, his head was parboiled and fixed on a

stake on London Bridge, to remain there a month as a warning to traitors, after which it was to be thrown into the river. Margaret bribed the man whose business it was to dispose of these heads, to give it to her, which he did; she had it preserved in spices and kept it while she lived. It is said that after her death, her father's head was laid upon her breast in the coffin.

She was apprehended and made to answer charges for keeping the head as a relic, but she shamed them all by asking the magistrates if any of them had daughters, and if they would think wrong of them if they did likewise. They were nonplused, but put her in prison for awhile, after which she was dismissed in fear that the people would rise in wrath against the injustice. She lived nine years after her father. God blessed her husband's efforts with continued prosperity, and they joyously gave of their goods to the poor.

When she died, the poor, whom she befriended, walked in the procession before her coffin. She was buried in a vault of the chapel where she had spent so many hour in prayer.

Mrs. Killjoy and Mr. Wetblanket

Did you ever "meet up" with either of these two? There is the lady who is so painfully clean that when a friend steps into her house, she is always secretly scrutinizing that person's shoes, lest she be bringing in some dirt from the street; or she is so afraid the new wall paper may fade that she keeps the shades constantly three-quarters down, making the house like a dungeon, shutting out God's wholesome daylight which all humans need to keep them cheerful. Or she will make everybody uncomfortable by keeping only one or two rooms in the house heated, shutting off furnace registers or radiators, lest the walls and ceilings become blackened. She will not even deviate from this rule when there is company in the house; company may freeze for all she cares, just so her precious wall paper is preserved.

Or she will forbid members of the family from enjoying the prettiest rooms in the house, banishing them to the kitchen, lest they put the room in disorder, drop cigar ashes, lay newspapers about, or carry fuzz and lint on the carpet with their shoes. Her rugs too are all covered over with old sheets, old hall carpets, or fragments of old rugs, lest the colors fade. Her lampshades all wear neat gingham covers, and the overstuffed furniture is swathed most of the year in linen dusters.

Glory be! What good does it do any woman like that to have a pretty house? She may as well have a kitchen and bedroom, with just the very plainest furniture, and linoleum on the floors, that she might scrub and scrub and scrub it all to her heart's content. Why not let the sunlight in? Life is short, and after death who cares if the wall paper has faded or not? Why not let the family enjoy all the rooms—aren't they good enough? Wall paper is considerably cheaper than human lives, and cheerful hearts, and boys and girls

who love to spend their evenings in their beautiful home. It is better to buy two or three new sets of furniture and new wall paper every year than to let one boy or girl go outside the home to seek enjoyment and a more cheerful atmosphere.

Then there is Mr. Wetblanket! Have you ever seen a group of boys and girls having just loads of innocent fun, when suddenly footsteps are heard outside and someone says, "Sh! Paw is comin'!" and everybody hastens to a seat and grabs a book or some sewing, or a newspaper, and a silence like that of the tomb reigns in the room when the man walks in? And they are afraid to talk, or do so in undertones, and they watch the man like a hawk lest someone should have been discovered in an undreamed of misdemeanor, (some suspicious, imaginary one, usually unjust) and Mr. Wetblanket land on them and flay them alive with his tongue, or not even hesitate to strike somebody without explanation or warning.

Oh yes; we have all met him, and he is a burden to himself. He continually sees things through dark glasses, has nothing but gloomy forebodings, promptly squelches live, ambitious youngsters with a glorious vision of life, insists on pinning them down to his own conceited, vainglorious ordering of things, and proceeds to ruin, or at least stunt, lives which should have grown straight and tall and beautiful in an atmosphere of cheer and encouragement and comradeship. When Mr. Wetblanket complains harshly of all his children being sneaks, who caused them to be so? And if his children, having grown up, spend every available minute of time away from home and out of his sight, whom has he to blame?

Piecing Out the Fruit and Jam Supply

Along about the end of March we notice that our fruit and jam supply is beginning to dwindle, if not disappearing altogether. If that is the case, there are the dried fruits and the citrus fruits, which may be made up in pleasant ways to help out the jam question until the new summer fruits appear.

While canned fruits from the stores may be expensive, the dried ones are not, and these, if treated properly, may be made to look and taste almost like the canned article. Select, for instance, dried halved peaches or apricots, soak over night in water, and boil with sugar very slowly next day for a long time; they will have puffed out almost into their original shape. If a jam is desired, boil up several pounds of peaches, prunes or apricots, adding one cup of sugar to two of the fruit, for dried fruits require less sugar than the fresh. If a sharper tang is desired, one or more slices of lemon may be added. For fruit butter, boil until fruit is soft and falling apart, adding a little water from time to time as it boils out; the last time, press it through a sieve and return to the liquor, when spices may be added if liked, and boiled a little longer.

There is also the marmalade, a delicious jelly which may be made up of oranges, lemons, and grapefruit.

Cut up the fruit into very small pieces, measure, and add three times the quantity of water. Let stand over night in earthen dish, and next morning boil ten minutes. Let stand another night, and following morning add as much sugar as there is fruit, and boil until it jells. This will make 12 or 15 glasses, and is of an amber color. If light-colored marmalade is desired, use only grapefruit and lemons.

Then there are always apples, the old stand-by; one may make quite a nice batch of jelly or preserves from a peck of apples, which will help to tide over the season.

Household Hints

Discolored ivory knife handles may be cleaned with lemon juice and salt. Discolored bone handles must be sandpapered and then polished. Fine salt will clean pearl-handled knives. They must then be polished with a chamois.

Delicate cretonnes may be safely washed in soap and bran water; soak a quart or so of bran in a bucket of warm water, then strain into tub of mild suds, also only warm—not hot. Swish up and down to press out the dirt and rub lightly between hands.

If finger nails are brittle, rub vaseline on them nightly and give them the extra oil that the system lacks. If more butter, oil, and other fats are eaten, this condition will be avoided.

Rubbing vaseline over the backs of ebony brushes before washing will help to prevent warping and rising of the grain in the wood. Use only warm suds, as hot water will cause the brush to separate.

A bowl of lime in the closet where the preserves and jellies are stored will prevent mold from forming on the tops of the jars.

Let old newspapers lighten your labors around the kitchen. For instance, when washing greasy pots, take a sheet of newspaper and wipe out grease first; the same with butter or lard containers. They will then wash very easily. Take eight or ten-ply newspapers to kneel on when scrubbing; it saves the front of your dress. Twist into tight wads to start a fire; a number of these wads will start it without kindling wood, if you should happen to run out of it. Sew a dozen papers together and cover with soft old cloth; this makes good pads for the sick room or nursery. When drawing a chicken, place a thick newspaper on the table, and when the work is done, bundle up and burn. Your table remains clean. Place a double newspaper in the bottom of your garbage can and it will always remain clean without scrubbing. Place a thick newspaper behind mirror before putting on wooden backing; it absorbs moisture and prevents mirror from peeling. Wrap furs in fresh newspapers; the smell of the ink prevents moths. Oil stovepipes and wrap in newspapers for the summer. Should anything spill on the stove lids, use newspapers to wipe.

To remove mud stains from dark cloth, let dry first, then brush vigorously and rub cloth between the hands; then rub the spot with a raw potato.

Recipes

ALMOND AND RAISIN BRITTLE: Melt a pound of sugar in a candy saucepan, stirring until it colors a delicate brown. Add a teaspoon of cider vinegar, cook until brittle when tried in cold water. Butter another candy pan and sprinkle with cupful of large seeded raisins and another of blanched almonds, roasted a delicate brown. Add 2 teaspoons of baking powder and 2 teaspoons vanilla to the syrup, then pour over fruit and nuts. When cool, cut into squares.

JELLY CREAM TARTS: Make a pie or puff paste and bake tart shells over inverted muffin moulds, taking care to prick well before putting into oven. When delicately browned, take out and fill half of tart with currant jelly or any other nice jam; then top with whipped cream and red or green cherry and chopped nuts.

CHICKEN A LA MARYLAND: Disjoint a good-sized broiling chicken, dust with salt and flour, then place in a baking pan with a slice of bacon on each piece; bake in a quick oven until beginning to brown, add hot water to barely cover the bottom, cover and cook, allowing about forty minutes in all.

Serve with corn fritters, boiled rice, and gravy made from the drippings in the pan with half water or half cream or top milk.

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No. 2347—Smart Street Style. Of tailored genre are the lines of this pattern which may be used for cloth, silk or summer cottons. It is made with pleats each side of the skirt to lend a graceful width and the popular shirt front opening is emphasized. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material with 2 yards of braid.

No. 2348—It's Easy To Make! This button-down-the-front dress is made with kimono sleeves and with or without the large pockets. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

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No. 2301—Smart Beltless Coat Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 42-inch material with ½ yard contrasting.

No. 2296—A smart version of the popular tunic style. This pattern which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure, includes a tunic and a separate slip. Size 36 requires 8½ yards 40-inch material with 2 yards 32-inch lining and 1½ yards 11-inch lace.

No. 2338—Front Fullness Emphasized. Box plaits worn only at the front of the skirt are decidedly new and smart. Design No. 2338 is made with two box plaits at the front of the skirt—they lend a graceful width and comfort when walking. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch material with ¾ yard 2-inch contrasting.

No. 2035—One-Piece Dress. The accompanying diagram explains simple construction. Even the woman who has never sewn will be able to make this dress with no difficulty. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36 or 40-inch material.

No. 2345—Tunic Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material with 1½ yards of 32-inch lining. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 730 which comes in blue and yellow, costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2194—Beltless Coat Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 44-inch material with 1½ yards of braid.

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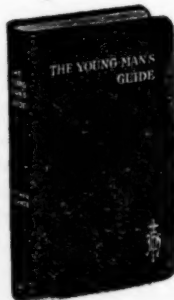
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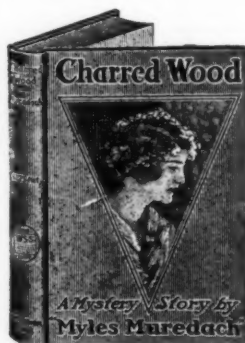
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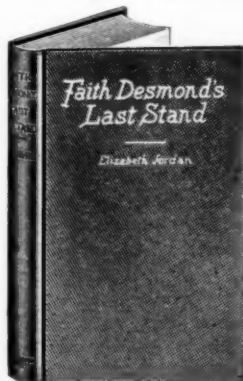
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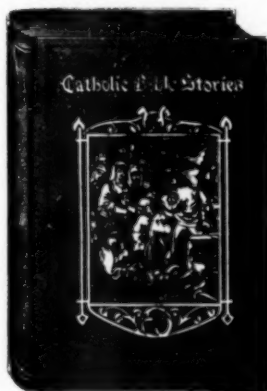
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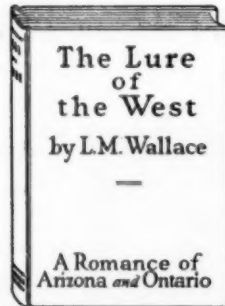
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